

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

A Tribute to Sara Jewett—A Wood-Flower Wet with the Dew of a Pensive Nature—Natures That Wear the Blush of Apprehension—A Fight Fought with a Golden Reticence—The Begum a Tarrytown Stew—The Skylarking of Hopper—A Novelty in Theatricals—Swelldom and the Comedians.

A very pretty tribute might be written now to Sara Jewett, apropos of her benefit at the Union Square Theatre. I remember her as a dainty, weak tulip growing in Mr. Palmer's conservatory, subject always to the exactions of roles she was not strong enough to carry, but often sweetly triumphant in parts that carried her. Fragile almost to invalidism at the best, she was always an Ophelia to me, sitting where a willow grows aslant a brook, lowered upon by a leading man who had a masculine contempt for her shrinking sensibility, and who took a ruffianly delight in making her wince when she had no defense, this girl came up season after season, by the noisy roadside of the drama, a wood-flower wet with the perpetual dew of a pensive nature.

Those who knew her best knew that she possessed golden womanly talents and graces, but they were as fine as those golden hairs that every passing breeze tosses and dishevels.

Something of the accord and the sadness of an exquisitely tuned instrument swept into her work at times as the air itself often leaps into cadence as it passes through Aeolian strings; something of the insight as well as the grace of the true woman in those fragments of verse that came from her pen, carrying with them that inscrutable pathos that licks in the music of Chopin, and lingers at nightfall in the few notes of the whippoorwill.

The retiring demeanor and shrinking reserve of such a woman can find no worse arena than the stage, where the first law of survival is self-assertion and the last law of success is defiance. A million tiny barbs of envy and jealousy are in the air like the needles of an Arctic blast. A thousand women, with no other claims than robust constitutions and unscrupulous determination, stand ready to leap over modesty and humility with nimble feet and brazen faces.

Nothing was further from Nature's intent in making Sara Jewett than to have her enter into a violent and vulgar struggle for existence. There are some natures whose delicate organizations wear a continual blush of apprehension. They cannot be schooled by the stampede of life into hardihood. They remind you of the fawn that is in a herd of buffalos. Somewhere the fragile limbs give out and the herd passes over it.

But it is possible to say of Sara Jewett, that some of the charms of her talent and temperament reached responsive senses just as the lily of the valley, hidden in the weeds, will reach out its fragrance on every pulse of air.

She silently made hundreds of enduring friends where other women captured thousands of transient admirers. She fought her little fight with a golden reticence, bending her beautiful head to the innuendoes of one sex and turning it away from the invitations of the other. Men who did not believe in virtue did not believe in her. When seriousness could not assail her with scandal, flippancy sometimes struck her with irony. Truth that could not be forced to call her a vixen lent itself to a sneer and called her a vestal.

Art remembered her for having played Juliet with a dainty intelligence that almost redeemed the absence of amorous fire, and her Cordelia remains in the memory like a white and graceful pillar that is left from the wreck of a forgotten temple.

Her seasons at the old Union Square were always welcome seasons. If she never coerced the town, she often cajoled the sense and always won the judgment. She did her work intelligently, honestly and sometimes brilliantly.

Her health broke down afterward and she met with misfortunes. It was characteristic of such a woman to hide both her illness and her distress. She had a home and friends. To them she retired, and only the sneak thief pen of the Bohemian dared to intrude into that privacy.

The benefit tendered to her was a happy thought of Mr. J. M. Hill's. In it he was seconded by a well-known woman and actress, Miss Estelle Clayton, who immediately of

served her services and a new play. In twenty-four hours every box in the house was sold at a premium.

It was impossible to let this event come without a preliminary tribute. That's all.

The incident of the week has been the production of *The Begum* by the McCaull Opera company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It proved to be what our fathers used to call a Tarrytown stew—all potatoes and no meat.

Like most of the native attempts at comic opera, it never gets any farther than burlesque.

The theme is built on the Gilbert school of inverted fun, and the method is a weak imitation of both Gilbert and Sullivan. The rattlebang music has the merit of rhythm. Most of it is written in thirds and uses the time-worn jingle phrases of minstrelsy, so sweet to the un-purged American ear. When I tell you that

larking "The Begum is full of it. It will remind you of a school-yard at recess.

Mme. Cottrely, who has a record of cleverness, has not added to it in this piece. She never was a vocalist in our time. But they continue to give her songs to sing. She exercises the divine right of a soubrette and speaks them. Sometimes she is in tune. When she is she is unintelligible.

As for Laura Joyce-Bell, who can describe the toll of her voice. The importance of her three chest-notes is so effective that the heart stands still when she strikes the gong of her contralto. If she speaks but one line, "Pry thee, sir, be calm," the chandeliers shake, and Carl Forme glints athwart the shuddering tympanum.

But, in spite of all this, *The Begum*, which is as far from opera as Mrs. Potter is from O'lympus, is a big tomtooling advertisement. It knits Mr. McCaull's judgment in new bonds

much bewritten, much bespoken Anarchy, with an uncompleted temple rising slowly there for it on upper Broadway, baffled by the building department, held back by bricks and mortar, stupendous, timely, contemporaneous Anarchy. Ethereal mildness, come!

If ever there was a time for a new serious native effort it is now. Mr. Abbey has tried to put new wine into old bottles. Mrs. Abbey was too full of the contemporaneous spirit to rest with English submission in *Polly*. Why doesn't some-body give Mrs. Abbey a new play? She is aching for it.

Mr. Mackaye has got Joseph Haworth to play the leading role in *Anarchy*, but the linger is on the leading woman.

Leading women are proverbially scarce—and that reminds me of the leading men. Tearle and Pitt have both come into the season in a lukewarm way. Herbert Kelcey is the only man who has risen above his own

Palmer made one of his happy speeches, in which he alluded to a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Stuart Robson popped up in response to the thing of beauty and Crane came in with modest acknowledgments as the joy forever. Then they all went to work to make it forever by not breaking up till the next day, when Charley Delmonico had to tell them that the room was engaged for the rest of the week.

Isn't this rather a novelty in theatricals, to have swelldom setting up the comedians for celebration?

The drama must be getting over its decline when an American play and two American actors receive such recognition, and have no hand in getting it up. Even the ever-present but somewhat fagged Mr. Hill seems to have been innocent of this. There never was such a diverse party brought together as at that dinner, but they all shook hands on the American play.

I'm awfully glad for Mr. Hill's sake, for, after all, it was his quiet pluck that gave Henrietta to the New York public. It would have been done in Pomeroy or Philadelphia if he had not believed in it with his bank account and his courage.

He laid his long fingers on it, just as he did on the faded Union Square Theatre, and it woke to success.

It's a great thing to have a man who knows what he believes and knows how to make the world agree with him. **NYM CRINKLE.**

Mr. Rosenfeld's Possible Case.

Sydney Rosenfeld, who lives up in Yonkers, where, for the past six months, he has given himself up entirely to literary labors, was in town on Monday, when he was met by a Mirok representative.

"My latest work," he said, "is an entirely original comedy, entitled *A Possible Case*. I have just completed it after several months of very close work. Last August, when Colonel McCaull paid me a pretty comfortable deposit on my *Lady or the Tiger*, which he is to do in May, I determined to write something of a different style that should equal that libretto, and for the ensuing three months to devote myself—by forswearing footboilers—to writing an original comedy which I would not be ashamed to put my name to. The result is *A Possible Case*."

"To what does the title refer?"

"It is a possible case in law, and sets forth the complications that may arise from the variety of marriage and divorce laws that exist in our various States. I have given some study to the legal points involved, and have made a piece which, while it is amusing, will bear the strictest analysis and criticism from a legal point of view.

"In the main the matter is treated humorously, though I have done what will either be the making or the marring of my work—I have allowed a strain of intense earnestness to permeate even situations which are in themselves almost farcical. I do not mean, in any sense, scenes that are simply manufactured for laughs, but unusual scenes growing by natural means out of natural causes. I start in by conceiving a certain state of affairs rendered by our marriage laws, and lead up to it by every legitimate process of dramatic construction. If I have any ability as a writer at all, I have endeavored to show it in this comedy. All the experience I have gained during my years of apprenticeship has been employed in the building up of these scenes, and while no man can foresee the measure of success with which his efforts are to be rewarded, he can at least have the gratification of feeling that he has been constantly true to his own deal.

"There are a dozen sparkling parts in the piece, all contrasted, and each requiring the best possible portrayal to be effective. The central figure is that of a benevolent, middle-aged millionaire, who becomes a victim to a legal reading of the New York Marriage Code. This requires a comedian of discretion and artistic temperament. There is a foil to him in the shape of a bright comedy part—a wealthy young trifler—which is of corresponding prominence, and requires equally artistic handling. It is, in fact, owing to the necessity of having every part of the piece well played that I am very particular as to the final disposition of the play. I have not yet arranged for its production. I hope before the next number of *THE MIRROR* is issued to be able to give you some definite information concerning the future of the piece which will justify my delay."

ALFRED S. PHILLIPS

IN HIS IMITATION OF HENRY IRVING AS MEPHISTOPHELES (ROBERT H. CRAIG'S BURLESQUE OF "FAUST.")

De Wolf Hopper, Cottrely and Digby Bell have to strew this tepid stream with the Autumn leaves of their personal monkeying, you will know what kind of a production it is.

Mr. Hopper has at last succeeded in making his conduct coincide with his name. From first to last he sustained the spontaneous American giggle by tomfoolery of a decidedly effeminate and fantastic kind. He tumbled about the stage, used a stuffed club, stood on his head, was emphatic, lymphatic, acrobatic and exotic—everything in fact but vocal or valuable.

His songs were all circumscribed by local allusions and distorted by the puerile antics which comic opera now necessitates. But his legs won the house when the libretto could not. He made up in mugging what was deficient in meaning, and those notes that could not be sung were wildly gesticulated.

This sort of thing used to be called "sky-

of discriminating brotherhood with Mr. Ed. Rice, and it needs only the baton of the music-elevating Colonel to give it the one hilarious touch of high art.

Now that we have reached this level, let me say that a twin sister, Dorothy, is doomed. I suppose some of you saw that the first night of Dorothy. There is a disposition at the Standard to evict it. As near as I can make out there is a strong indisposition on the part of the public to visit and inspect the architecture of that beautiful house while the piece is there. Virtually they say to Mr. Duff, "We'll come to the theatre if you will pledge your word not to attempt any performances. What we want is rest."

Whenever Mr. Duff puts up the announcement "No opera allowed here" we will have to add "Standing room only."

The next move is to put Anarchy in there. Poor, delayed and long-expected Anarchy—

level. I regard him at this moment as the coming lead. He has done some excellent work already, and there is a great promise in him.

That was an extraordinary affair, by the way, on Monday night at the Union Square. Mr. Charley Palmer, who is now called at the Union League Club "a high roller"—whatever that may mean—took it into his magnificent head to give the swellest theatre party ever seen here. He invited fifty fellows almost as good as himself to come to see Henrietta and eat a big dinner afterward at Delmonico's in honor of Robson and Crane. Mr. Chauncey Depew headed the delegation that marched to the theatre. Finance, eloquence, wisdom, political influence, civic importance and social elegance locked arms like a lot of college boys and went in for a good time over the comedians.

When they all got down to dinner Charley



At the Theatres.

| | |
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| FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—THE BEGUM. | |
| Howja-Dhu..... | Matilda Cottrell |
| De Wolf Hopper..... | De Wolf Hopper |
| Pooh-Weh..... | Edwin W. Hoff |
| Kiahm-Chowdee..... | Henry Wilcoff |
| Myra-Blueb..... | Digby Bell |
| Asch-Khart..... | Marion Manoia |
| JBun-Nast..... | J. de Angelis |
| Asch-Khart..... | Harry Macdonough |
| Namouna..... | Laura Joyce-Bell |
| Damayanti..... | Annie Myers |

The auditorium of the Fifth Avenue Theatre was crowded on Monday evening with an audience rather more distinctly fashionable than the average "first nighters," to welcome the production of Reginald de Koven's operetta, *The Begum*—the book by Harry B. Smith—which has already been tried, not on the dog, but on the Quaker, in a neighboring city, and seems to have pleased him vastly. The verdict was heartily endorsed at the Fifth Avenue. The unofficial *claqueurs* in the back rows did their duty with energy and enthusiasm; the composer's "society" friends patted their kids with more discreet but more appreciative warmth; flowers rained over the footlights, and the whole affair may be voted an undoubted success. *The Begum* seems likely to get and to deserve rather more than an average share of popular approval. The story deals with the love passages of a very much married Oriental Princess, who, with a large catholicity of feeling, appoints a new general-in-chief once a week or so, gets up a war with her neighbors, sends her brand new spouse, on the David and Bathsheba principle, into the hottest front, gets him comfortably killed off, appoints a new general-consort, and so on *de capo*. The main action of the piece turns on the ingratitude, or the modesty, of her prime minister, Howja-Dhu, who, when doomed to this fatal honor, escapes in disguise, and eventually succeeds in shifting his uncomfortable distinction to the shoulders of his military substitute, Kiahm-Chowdee, who, as it turns out, loves the Princess with unselfish affection. *The Begum*, on the action and reaction principle, true in sentiment as in physics, feels a sympathetic throb, and the pair are happily united, along with three subsidiary couples—Howja Dhu with his dancing girl, Damayanti; the prime minister's son with the daughter of the Court Astrologer, and the Astrologer himself with the fortune-teller, Namouna. How all this is brought about, in detail, the reader will do well to learn for himself in the stalls.

The dialogue is lively and frequently clever, the topical songs humorous and telling, and the music extremely pretty. That it should be in any sense original were too much to ask. For a well-read musician, at this late date, to rise above his musical atmosphere and surroundings, would be at once the result and the token of exceptional genius. It is said of an old toper in the hot room of a Turkish bath, that he began, gently, by exuding mixed drinks, till he found himself eventually sweating straight whiskey. This Mr. De Koven has so soaked himself with contemporary light music that in the tepid atmosphere of composition, after a preliminary thaw of Offenbach and Suppe, he finally gets to running clear Sullivan. One or two half but palpable bits of reproduction from Iolanthe and Ruddigore, among others, sufficiently illustrate our meaning. But it was very prettily scored, the orchestra being kept almost unduly in subjection to the voices, and heartily enjoyable.

It was not very well sung. Hopper, Wilke, Manoia and the rest are all but mediocre performers at best, and not troubled with that in convenient monitor—musical ear. A word of praise, however, is due to Edwin W. Hoff for his sweet tenor and pleasant method, which would be better still if he could sing without forcing his phrase. But in action the piece was very funny. Digby Bell was dry and droll as the sententious astrologer, Hopper amazingly exuberant as the portly prime minister, and even De Angelis, as the jester, rather more discreet in his buffoonery than usual. His comic duo and *obligato* gymnastics with Asch-Khart in the second act was prolonged, in response to the effusive back rows beyond any reasonable endurance. Cottrell, of course, acted well as the Begum, and Little Annie Myers was saucy and spicy enough for an artist of three times her proportions.

The chorus, especially the men, were well-drilled and correct, the dressed gorgeous and the scenery—moonset, sunrise and other effects of light and color—especially rich and beautiful. On the whole, *The Begum* offered an unusually large share of the good qualities demanded of an operetta, with a proportionately small percentage of its drawbacks, and may be set down, with confidence, for a run.

Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*.

What a myriad of delightful thoughts those words, blazoned on a poster, invariably awaken! The reckless, tender, droll vagabond of *Falling Water*, with his winsome smile and his picturesque rags, enters our mind in a sort of dreamy haze like that which lingers about the summit of the blue Catskills on a summer day. And then in an entrancing train come the recollections of his misfortunes, his weak resolves, his impetuous good-nature; we shed a tear or two as he goes out into the storm, and the door of his wretched home is closed against him; we laugh at his monologue in the presence of those silent, greenish ghosts, over whom the august and bibulous shade of Hendrick Hudson holds fearful sway; we see him bathed in the sunlight of the morn on the awakening after his long sleep, and we pity him when he looks wonderingly at his

white beard and that decrepit, rusty gun; we follow his tottering footsteps down the mountain-side to the quaint village below, where all is changed, where the faces that knew him are gone forever, along with his house, his faithful dog, and his score on the shutter of Nick Vedder's pot-house; we see him led helplessly to the home of the man who has thrived on his land and who is wed to his broken-hearted wife; we yearn to tell him the truth when he stands so pathetically before his child, and asks in a tremulous treble if she knows her father, and something like a sob comes into our throat as she falls into his ragged arms with a cry of joy; and then we are glad to leave him beside his new fireside, with his wife, his Meenie, his pipe and his cup, and with the wish "May you live long and prosper" echoing fondly in our ears. Dear old Rip you have lightened many a heavy heart, and there are thousands that have given you their sympathy and their love.

Washington Irving created Rip, but Jefferson remodeled, popularized and perpetuated him. Years come and years go, but this marvellously simple yet exquisitely artistic characterization has maintained its prominence in spite of changes in public taste, fashion in plays and all else. At Niblo's on Monday night it was seen again by a heartily appreciative house. All the well known points were applauded and the actor was several times called before the curtain. The support was capable for the most part. Mr. Varree as Derrick, George Denham as Cockles, and the children, Gertie Foster and Burtie Black, as little Meenie and Hendrick, were the most noteworthy features. Next Monday she will be produced.

Evans and Hoey are appearing this week at the Grand Opera House in *A Parlor Match*. On Monday night the house was crowded, and the performance was the source of almost continuous laughter and applause. The comedians have freshened up the skit and introduced a good many new mirth-provocative lines. Of its kind it is probably the best show on the road. There is a good deal of vacuous silliness in Hoyt's absurdities, but the nonsense of this one, as delineated by the company, is funny enough to make a brass monkey cunctate. Minnie French as Innocent Kid, Daniel Hart as the Captain, and several other clever people ably assisted the prime conspirators in this lively entertainment. The musical selections were well given. Next week, Held by the Enemy.

The Fourteenth Street Theatre was filled on Monday when Mr. Thompson returned to its stage—the scene of his two notable metropolitan hits. The audience enjoyed the simple, homely but heart-stirring picture presented in *The Old Homestead* by the star and his associates, and again admired the handsome stage settings which were seen last season. Mr. Thompson's engagement is certain to be profitable alike to himself and the public.

The *Ivy Leaf* was acted on Monday night at the Windsor by W. H. Power's company. The heroine, Colice O'Brien, was undertaken by George Conalline, whose good appearance and pleasing soprano voice obtained her a good deal of applause. Her "Home Sweet Home" and "The Ivy Leaf," however, were greatly marred by a Cockneyism. For instance:

"One, sweet 'ome. Be it never so 'Um-bell, there's no place like 'ome, and 'if he only noo," and again "the morning doo." Her acting was singularly colorless and unimpassioned. "Rosebud" played the part of Maureen Deelish with a bright vim. Henrietta Scott acted the prim widow Deelish capitally. An extra need of praise is due to Zella Leonard, a bright little maiden of some seven or eight Summers, whose spirited acting of Little Norinne gave much satisfaction.

Smith O'Brien's Murty Kerrigan could scarcely be improved on, and it earned a call. Charles Frew as Dennis Donovan was excellent, but his make-up was exaggerated. W. H. Elwood was satisfactory as Gerald Daly. Con T. Murphy filled the part of Robert Nolan somewhat tamely. It is curious, but true, that dramatic authors when playing in their own pieces will often fail to see and interpret the full tenor of their own lines. W. A. Mack as Darby Flinn sang well, but his acting seemed strained. The rest of the support was acceptable.

The *Golden Giant* is playing at the People's this week. Mrs. Rankin fills her original part of Bessie, but otherwise the cast is different from that seen last season. Ralph Demora as Alexander Fairfax is virile, but he does not do it sufficiently well to obliterate the recollection of Mr. Rankin's performance of the same role. W. S. Harkins gave an excellent picture of the gambler, Jack Mason Charles Kidder, C. J. Greene, Russell Bassett, Leonora Bradley and Marian Strickland acted the other important parts. On Monday night the audience was large and enthusiastic. A Hole in the Ground will be the bill at this theatre next week.

Judging from the size of the house and the manifestations of approval at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night Benjamin Maginley will play a very successful engagement there this week in *Insavogue*. Mr. Maginley is rapidly recovering the full power of his

voice, and soon expects that it will be as good as new. In the leading part of this play he is seen to excellent advantage. Lillian Billings is very good in the dual-role of Norah and Ellen. The rest of the support is fair, and the singing is a feature. There is some pretty scenery used in the play. Next week, the Australian Novelty company will be the attraction.

Mr. Harrigan's new play, *Pete*, was set down for production at the Park Theatre last night. Owing to the fact that we are obliged to publish a day earlier than usual this week—Thursday being a holiday—notice of the production must be deferred. So far as rehearsals justify the expression of an opinion it would appear that Pete has the elements of a popular success. The piece is a departure from Mr. Harrigan's ordinary range of subjects. The scene is laid in Florida, and plantation life, illustrated by negro impersonators, gives it color. Mr. Harrigan himself will put on burnt cork—something he has not done in a long time. He plays the title role. Several good dramatic people have been specially engaged for the play, while the favorite members of the regular company all are assigned to the sort of characters that they are so proficient in delineating.

Extra matinees are set down for Thanksgiving at the Casino, Wallack's, Lyceum, Niblo's, Park, Madison Square, Fourteenth Street, Tony Pastor's, Bijou, Fifth Avenue, Grand Opera House, Dockstader's, Union Square, Standard, Third Avenue, People's, Windsor and Academy.

The Marquis' career at the Casino will be cut short at the close of next week. The production has given enjoyment to large audiences, and it will, on the completion of its run, have been given seventy-one times. Dec. 2 one of Lecocq's operettas, under the title of *Madelon*, will be performed for the first time in this country. The book is by the well known team of librettists, Meilhac and Halevy. This piece had a run of two hundred nights at the Renaissance, Paris, a number of years ago. At the Casino it will be staged in the customary brilliant fashion. The Sunday night concerts were resumed here this week. The violiniste Tua and her company of artists, supplemented by the theatre orchestra, agreeably entertained a large audience.

At Dockstader's *The Black Faust* is a palpable hit. This week a seasonable flavor is given to the enjoyable entertainment by the first-part finale, Thanksgiving at Washington Market. Three new ballads are given in the vocal departments. An evening of real fun can always be had at this home of pure mirths.

Gilded youth and wintry age alike find pleasure in the light-clad hours of *Corsair* at the Bijou. If the nude in art is to be denied the community by Mr. Anthony Comstock, this sumptuous sybaritic entertainment yet remains.

All holiday seasons are festively celebrated by Tony Pastor, who makes it a point to put his best foot forward on these occasions. For this Thanksgiving week he has secured a capital bill. Dan Mason, the laughable Dutch dialect comedian; the La Rosas, the Electric Three, Fred Bryant, the cornetist; Wood, Shephard and Bryant, the musical trio—they are but a few of the clever and attractive specialists that take part in the bewilderingly varied programme. Mr. Pastor himself, with the opera hat and the smile that are as distinctly associated with his vocal performances as are the attributes with the Muses, is on hand with a fresh budget of timely and topical ditties.

The Henrietta grows in popularity as the seasons ages. It is no infrequent thing for people coming late to the Union Square to find the S. R. O. sign hung upon the outer wall of the lobby. On Monday night, after the performance, Messrs. Robson and Crane were teased, along with sundry distinguished citizens, at the Hoffman House by Charles Palmer, who is the owner of the Union Square Theatre property. There was speechifying galore by the aforesaid d. c.'s, and it was naturally pretty much in one direction—to wit, the social and professional excellencies of the popular comedians.

The Wife has been put into such good shape at the Lyceum that it does not seem like the same play it was on the first night. It is excellently acted and prettily staged. A new piece is being rehearsed by the company.

Next week will be the last of *The Dark Secret at the Academy*. It has floated bravely on its tank, and thousands have been delighted by its aqueous sensation.

The many pretty melodies in Dorothy, together with its galaxy of beauty and vocality, and, moreover, the funniments of Harry Paulton, combine to make an evening spent at the Standard an evening well spent. The production in some respects perhaps falls below the metropolitan standard, but it is a treat, nevertheless, to see and hear a genuine comic opera legitimately performed. Dorothy is a refreshing change from the current slang and horse-play of opera comique.

This week Mr. Abbey is turning the Rob-

ertsonian ole clo's inside out at Wallack's, School and Caste dividing the time. *Forget Me-Not* is coming on next, *The Silver King*—another contemplated novelty—having fallen through for the present. There is said to be some perturbation in the company from the fact that Mrs. Abbey's name is featured on the bills. Of course this is a matter in which Mr. Abbey can exercise his own judgment; but Miss Coghlan and Mr. Tearle, whose positions are clearly defined, appear to have ground for complaint. It may be that the typographical arrangement, to which exception is taken, arose from a printer's blunder. In that case it is easily rectified.

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Before a fashionable and crowded house on Saturday night Mr. Irving appeared at the Star as Louis XI. By general consent the impersonation takes first rank in the distinguished English actor's repertoire. The cunning, craft, cruelty and cowardice of this monstrous monarch's character are presented with a strength of purpose, a delicacy of touch and a perfection of detail that entitle it to the warmest praise. It may be objected that the death scene is painted in too gaudy colors, but even this, a triumph of realism, is awesome and impressive. The memories which the spectator takes with him from the theatre after this performance are indelibly distinct. As a histrionic achievement Mr. Irving's Louis overtops all his other creations. It does not depend on pictorial adjuncts, on mechanical contrivance, or on theatrical trickery in any form. It is a subtle, intellectual, powerful dramatic effort. The support was good, albeit the subordinate characters exact little from their representatives. *Faust* remains on the bill every night, except Saturday, when *The Bells* and *Jingle* will be given again.

The *Martyr* is likely to remain on the Madison Square stage for some time. It is an interesting play, well acted and handsomely mounted. Elaine is in rehearsal, but there is no hurry about the preparations for its production, as it may not be wanted in a number of weeks.

The Musical Mirror.

The representation of *Le Prophète* at the Metropolitan on Wednesday was by far the least satisfactory of the series so far offered by the management. The opera itself is in some sense a classic, yet by no means one of Meyerbeer's most pleasing works. The music has much of the dry severity and sternness of the savage fanatics it depicts. It largely lacks the color, richness and variety of the more popular Huguenots or the *Etoile du Nord*. But it is finely spectacular, and so gets an occasional representation from companies strong in scenic resource, and blest furthermore with a good mezzo-soprano and a stately *tenore robusto*. Both these requirements were fairly answered in Niemann and Brandt. The former sang well, and in movement and presence gave an admirable picture of the sturdy and specious impostor, John of Leyden. Fr. Brandt was not at her best. Neither her acting nor her singing during the earlier scenes were as free, vigorous and correct as her auditors have learned to expect of her. For the first act or two her intonation was unpleasantly faulty and in the famous duo with Bertha it seemed as if the leader were intentionally keeping his orchestra as quiet as possible to somewhat tide over the yawning gap between score and singers. In truth the main fault lay with Frau Biro de Marion, who, as the suffering Bertha, pervaded the stage with a wild extravagance of phrasing and a cracked and reedy dissonance of voice which made listening a torture rather than a pleasure. The lofty filial devotion with which the prophet sacrifices his mistress to his mother is intended to be tragic, but on Wednesday it was palpably the only way to save both him and the audience from nervous prostration, and exactly the right thing to do under the circumstances. It seems to be Mme. De Marion's function to preach moral lessons. Her untempting wiles as Venus in *Tannhauser* were as good as a volume of sermons, and amply explained the repentant troubadour's abrupt return to virtue. It is painful to have to speak so harshly of any individual artist, but where a performance sets off so sharply as in this case against a background of general excellence, a due regard for artistic unity dictates prompt substitution.

The piece was handsomely staged. The coronation scene was imposing, and the destruction of the Prophet well managed in mechanical device, though it must go to the heart of a thrifty manager to set his personages on the stage with such pomposity to blow them up just three minutes after. In one detail the usual liberality and taste of the direction fall short. The camp-scene, with its peasants, soldiers and *skaters*, is usually made the occasion, in Continental opera houses, for a very ingenious and amusing display of virtuosity on the flying rollers. In place of this, the spectator on Wednesday was treated to an insufficient and inappropriate ballet. "There are no birds in last year's nests" says the proverb. Are there no skaters in last year's rink?

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The first rehearsal and concert of the Philharmonic Society, under the baton of Theodore Thomas, took place at the Metropolitan respectively on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening last. The programme offered was rather more interesting and instructive than inspiring. Wagner's *Faust* overture has found

occasional but not frequent place on our concert programmes, and is to a large proportion of hearers practically almost or quite new. It is suggestive as calling up the much-mooted point, so essential in the Wagnerian system, of minute interpretation. The composer aims to paint for us that restless skepticism, discontent and sadness which fill the soul of the dissatisfied scholar in the drama and give the keynote to the rest of the action. As the programme tells us—

The god who in my breast abides,
Through all its depths can stir my soul;
My every faculty he sways and guides,
Yet can he not what lies without control,
And thus my life, as by a load oppressed,
I long for death—existence I detest!

The work is beautifully orchestrated—a consequent progression of those subtle minor, wailing modulations so characteristic of the master's work. It is pathetic, plaintive and expressive in a high degree, and as such enjoyable. But probably nine in ten of the auditors not especially erudite in Wagner's compositions, would have felt no surprise if it had been billed as an unpublished *Vorspiel* or *Interlude* to *Tannhauser*, or *Tristan*, or *Lohengrin*, or *Parsifal*. To carry out the full contention of the orthodox, it should fit just the mental unrest of *Faust* and no other. Average hearers will prefer to feel that all musical expression is in its nature vague and elastic, susceptible of a large breadth of interpretation. No way, they will opine, has yet been found, or likely to be found, of telling in tones the precise form of sadness, arising from intellect, skepticism, as distinct from that of remorse or jealousy or blighted affection, with such demonstrative clearness that they shall not be more or less interchangeable and likely to be mistaken. All tragic drama contains the elements of regret and sadness, passion and pain, and there is a flavor of pedantry in the minuteness which assumes by chord or modulation to bind us to a too individual interpretation.

Rubinstein's Concerto for violin, op. 46, introduced to our stage after long absence, the former child-wonder, Mme. Ursu, now matronly and mature of presence and palpably no longer a child. The composition is what might be expected from the composer of the Ocean Symphony. It is peculiarly rich, ingenious and refined in scoring, and full of delicate subtle melodies of a rather intricate kind. But it has the defect that it envelops and overpowers the violin part, which is almost unduly merged in the orchestral score, and at no point marked by that large cantabile quality so peculiarly the province of the violin. Mme. Ursu's execution was neat and correct, but not broad, strong or poetic; it was the conscientious work of the careful technician, not that of a creative artist. On the whole it must sadly be conceded that phenomenal achievement in tender years offers little or no assurance of exceptional ripeness in later development.

Liszt's symphonic poem, *Festklange*, is a disappointing work. Like much of the composer's work, it is full of pretentious fuss over rather trite, thin themes and phrases, which together do not go to make up any fine musical thought. It is beautifully scored, of course; no one but Wagner and Berlioz can rival Liszt in his command of all contrapuntal and instrumental device; but he has no message. That of others he can deliver well enough. Give him a song to adapt and orchestrate, a wild Hungarian air to work up into a Rhapsodie, and he makes of it a bit of intoxication. Thrown back on his own resources he is apt to be dry, inconsequent and tame—like an after-dinner orator set to talk against time

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Giddy Gusher.



I want to thank the unknown friend in the Jim the Penman company who sent me word of the death of "Dorcias," the beloved Irish setter belonging to John Matthews.

Was there no fat pug dog reared in the lap of luxury whose loss would have mattered nothing to nobody (because pugs are going out and fox-terriers are coming in) that fate could snatch instead of "Dorcias"?

John is not a rich man. He would tell you in his frank way that he was a poor gentleman—always a gentleman, rich or poor—that "Dorcias" was all the world to him, and now his big handsome dog friend is dead. The Gusher, with the loss of "Beech" setting its whole weight on the heart, is fit to send a line of condolence to the bereaved master.

"The more I know of men the better I like dogs." "Dorcias" was a fine specimen—reticent but intelligent, dignified but affectionate. She was well known on the Square for her beauty and worth.

It was a pleasure to watch the gentle-natured actor as he stood overseeing the gambols of his dog in the park last Spring. He was his constant companion, his comrade and his partner. Good and bad luck she shared, and I can readily believe he is in great sorrow over his loss.

Poor old boy! Here's a hearty bit of sympathy offered from your old friend the Gusher, who is very, very sorry to hear of the death of "Dorcias."

What burdens those in hard luck often have to bear! I had a woman telling me the other day of her misfortunes. She had, like all of us, seen better days, and in those days on which the sun shone she had bought a puppy greyhound that had grown up with her children and was dearly loved by all.

She told me how poor she got. So poor there was no meat for the beautiful hound, and she would mix up a dose of bread and sweetened milk and water, and to make his fastidious dogship eat it the children would take spoons and pretend to enjoy the fine food, praising it all the while, till the hound would persuade himself it lay way over boned turkey and gobble it with satisfaction.

Well, the time came when a dollar was a thing to be talked of and plans laid for its laying out, and some mean enemy of the poverty-stricken family sent word to the authorities that Mrs. —— was keeping an unlicensed dog. Now, the price of a license in that place (it was the witch-hanging port of Salem) at that time was five dollars, and five dollars they could hardly raise for their rent.

They received notice that on such a day, if the license was not paid, the dog would be taken away. No doubt some hungry official had two hungry eyes on the valuable animal.

The poor people were at their wit's end. They had no friends; they would not part with their pet for money, and they could not get the five dollars. They concluded that they would all be better off dead, and they would be happier to know that their loving friend, who could not be content away from them, and was not permitted by hard fate to remain with them, was dead and forever removed from a world that held so much sorrow for them all.

So they kissed the dear fellow, who seemed to understand his fate, for big tears rolled down his nose. The little children hung about his neck and bade their playfellow a last good-bye, and the wretched owner sobbed like a baby in his hand that gave him the chloroform that stretched him a beautiful corpse on the rug he had adorned so many years in life.

The poor soul, as she told me of the death of her dog, shed bitter tears, though it happened many years ago, and added: "We have seen better days since then, but we never had another dog. We often talk of our dead pet, but we would never replace him. We suffered so much on his account we wouldn't like the risk of another such experience."

The Tribune, which takes, in a lofty and languid way, some interest in the headlights of the footlights, had an interview the other morning with a column with Mr. Loveday, the principal scenic effectist of Henry Irving's season here.

He said of the electric exhibition man pretty things, and he described feelingly in the cellar they had to dig to sink fernal scenery they brought over.

of a set rock from London as if there were no means of making rocks in this country (though Irving should know that he takes back a good many more than he brings). Heaven alone knows what he didn't bring over. One newspaper said Sunday that our managers did not produce things like the great London man; that in Louis XI. there was "an atmosphere" in the cut-wood scenes—so I suppose Irving brought over some atmosphere. That, I acknowledge, we stand in need of here, as well as a little weather.

But the Tribune interviewer got a lot of important facts out of Loveday. That very night I saw Dockstader's careful production of this time-honored theme and proceeded to interview him at once in the interest of American art. Mr. Loveday claims great credit for his effects of light produced by simple but powerful means. Mr. Dockstader spoke modestly. He admitted he grasped firmly and yet apparently carelessly the tallow candle in the first scene, and he felt proud indeed that his humble efforts had been crowned with such success. He had never seen a candle behave with more sepulchral effect; the winding-sheet in it (observable with a glass) had produced a weird impression on all who saw it.

They had dug no hole in the cellar to bury scenery as yet, though Mr. Dockstader felt he had some that deserved it as much as any that belonged to the London company.

I asked Mr. D. to explain how he managed the excrescences he exhibited on his back and breast.

"Oh! my paper cambric corsets," said he, cheerfully. "I don't know that my costumer will relish my giving it away to you, but we come from the same town—a nice town to come from." he mused, and I think I expressed us both when I added, "It's a better town to come from than to go to!"

"Exactly; but about those batting bunions—"

Just here he was called away, and coming back he took up another portion of the subject. "I see," he said, "that Irving showed great sense in bringing over the engine to make his steam. The American Institute Fair is exhibiting about thirty different steam generators and cloud-builders, but the true English atmosphere can only be produced by a British engine fed with British fuel. I gave up clouds when I felt this truth bear its whole weight on my managerial soul, for in realistic detail and historical accuracy I was not to be surpassed in this production. I heard an old man say last Fourth of July that his wife had 'had him in hell for five years.' That man drew the plans for the kitchen scene, and in fact most all the scenes."

"Kindly explain that quick change in the middle of your sketch?" I asked, unconsciously quoting the Tribune man. His answer was very much like Loveday's:

"You just pull off one piece and shove on another. We put on a double force of men—Jim and another man—and José good-naturedly obliges us by standing in the wing and putting his feet and ankles in for set rocks, up which the witches run. By the way, one feature of my production may have escaped you. All supernatural beings are invisible,—fairies, gnomes, witches and angels. To the slightest detail I endeavor to be correct. My witches are not seen; they are the air-drawn creatures of a disordered brain—every auditor with a disordered brain can see as many as he chooses. But for the reasonable everyday auditor I present no visible witches. José's legs are there for them to climb if they chose to materialize, and piano-stools of

the entire management of her finances. He grabs the kids and dashes from place to place protected by captains of police. A captain of police is in small business when he assists a fortune-hunter to torture a mother and keep the comfort of a child from her poor, bleeding heart.

McKee Rankin will produce his edition of Macbeth at the Brooklyn Theatre next week. The cast will include Frank Hayes, Mabel Blythe, and several legitimate actors. Mr. Rankin says that whether his departure from traditional ideas excite critical approbation or disapproval, the novelty of the production is pretty certain to stimulate interest among the public.

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The Old London Street, an original idea, was open for six months and struggled hard for success, until it passed into the hands of G. B. Bunnell, under whose management it bids fair to take its place as one of the most popular places of resort in New York. It contains within its walls curious creations of land and sea, animated and inanimate, while an entertaining stage performance is given at intervals.

Robert Mantell opened his second week in Monday at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday night to a crowded house. The original cast of officers of the French man-of-war *Misérere*, as well as the French Consul, occupied two of the boxes. Mr. Mantell was called before the curtain at the fall of the curtain and made a speech. Louis Nathal, the author, thanked the Frenchmen for their presence.

A robbing benefit was given to J. Charles Davis, of the People's Theatre, at that house on Sunday evening by the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Among those who appeared were Mrs. George Worth, Robert C. Hilliard, Richard Golden, Louis Fullerton, Mrs. Williams, Charles Bowser, Adelaide Stanhope, Robert McWade, Henrietta Markstein and others. The genial manager was presented by Thomas Canary with a trotter wagon and all the accoutrements.

The poor woman lived through a stormy two years' siege of it with the drummer, and she left him and went home to her father, taking her child—a beautiful baby of fifteen months—with her. She had been there but a few weeks when the rascal found her out, went after her, stole the child from its nurse's arms and got away to the States with it.

There is something about me that induces people to pour their troubles into my ears, and this Mr. Man with his baby came to my hotel, and he told me he had got his child away from an unworthy mother and enlisted my services to get a nurse. I got one, but I also got that mother's address, and telephoned her to come and get her child.

I kept my weather eye on the kid till the poor, distressed creature rushed in one morning and fell all over me. She had travelled night and day.

The nurse was bought up easy. She took a big premium and started for Montreal from the Grand Central Depot at six o'clock that night, while the mother and I had it out with the old man. He had demanded all sorts of things of the poor young woman and her father; he had threatened all manner of things if his demands were not granted, and the great, bulking, rascal saw that I was all right and certain that the child was with the nurse at a certain place known only to himself and me, put on more airs and authority than any one ever heard.

We heard, "My child," "my child," till I got heartily sick of it, when the girl turned on him and said: "Your child has gone to its father, John Smith, of Montreal."

Wow! Wow! Police! But we had a jubilee—a strawberry festival, a straw-ride—anything and everything that was noisy and awful.

"You shall never have her, no matter who she belongs to," yelled the man.

"But she's been gone four hours!" screamed I.

"You don't leave this room," shouted the man. But I held a piano-stool against the pit of his stomach, while that mother made Maud S. time and the drummer never set eyes on wife or child since, thanks to the principles and piano-stools of

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

Gossip of the Town.

E. M. Gardiner has just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatism.

The Vokes Comedy company is having a very pleasant and profitable season in San Francisco.

John A. Stevens is figuring for the production in London of a new drama entitled *Christmas Bells*.

Detroit now has two standard and three popular-price theatres, besides a *Wonderland* and a *Cyclorama* that draw immense crowds.

Lea Raymond has resigned from the Little Pack company, and is in New York at present negotiating for another engagement to fill out the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight terminated their engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last Saturday night, and are treating the Canadians to Rudolph's this week at Montreal.

The Dalys, whether in Vacation or Upside Down, are unsurpassed as one-night magnets. It is not unusual for them to revisit one-night stands three and four times in a season.

Grace Hawthorne will appear as Theodora at the Prince's Theatre Christmas week. Meantime she is acting at the many performances of *Shadows of a Girl* in the Stroller.

Claims to the theatrical Task are multiplying. Thomas K. Serrano says that a suit has been instituted against the managers of A Dark Secret by himself and Mrs. Serrano. He claims that there is but one copy righted on record, and it is his.

Dominick Murray has disposed of his melodrama *Right's Right* to R. J. Parker, his manager. It is not likely that Mr. Murray will return to the boards this season. Mr. Parker will put the play on the road, selecting a strong actor for the part of John Mayne, the Yorkshirer.

Mrs. Fernandez has begun preparations for her annual Christmas party for the children of the stage. The first offering has been received from Fred Lubin, of Cleveland, who has professed the use of his place, the services of his waiters, a Christmas tree and three barrels of apples.

A well-known dramatist writes us from Chicago: "The profession has but one organ—THE MIRROR. I am so impressed with the obligations we are under for its fearless support that I hold it to be the duty of each, who is enabled so to do, to indorse its aims and assist in increasing its prosperity."

Ada Deaves and Jessie Williams, in their new musical comedy, *Jack's Trunk*, will open the Warner Institute on Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., Thanksgiving afternoon and evening. Thereafter the house will be rented for the last three weeks to any unobjectionable attractions, and another place of amusement is added to the list in East Brooklyn.

Last week, in Richmond, Va., Governor Fitz-Hugh Lee and his family lent their distinguished presence at a performance of *Rene* by the Redmond Harry company, at Mrs. Powell's theatre. On the following day Mr. Redmond was given a taste of Virginia hospitality at the Governor's residence.

Henry E. Abbey's quasi failure to make Wallack's a success as a stock theatre, has, it is rumored, determined him to turn the house into a combination theatre of the higher class, where the stars that previously played at the Star will be given time. The latter house is then to be a popular-price theatre.

These are the last two weeks of *The Dark Secret* at the Academy of Music, New York. On the 21st a special performance will be given at Brooklyn, Providence, Williamsburg and other cities. An entirely new and portable tank of a metallic recently discovered, will be utilized on the road.

In order to prevent future complications and announcements calculated to injure innocent parties, Gustave Frohman states that the rights to produce *May Blossom* has been placed in the hands of Benjamin Magnin for certain of the large cities. Joseph Adelman for the Middle States and T. Streeton Scobell, who has been published as the author for the Eastern cities. Negotiations are pending with Jennie Holman, who has never played it, and never intended to play it without authority. Kitte Rhodes holds certain rights.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 74th St. and Irving place. Every evening at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2. A. J. MURPHY, Manager. Elaborate production of the latest London Melodramatic Success.

— A DARK SECRET. — A DARK SECRET. — Superb scenery, elegant costumes and appointments surpassing realistic effect anything ever attempted on the American stage.

THE GREAT HENLEY REGATTA SCENE. THE GREAT HENLEY REGATTA SCENE. with real rowboats, steam launches, racing shells, etc. — 1500 CUBIC FEET OF REAL WATER. — COMPANY OF EXCEPTIONAL STRENGTH. Reserved seats, 50c, 75c and \$1. Family Circle, 50c. General admission, 25c.

CASINO. Broadway and 37th Street Manager. — Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. 50 Cents. ADMISSION 50 Cents. Reserved seats, 50c and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$8, \$10, \$12. The charming comic opera.

— THE MARQUIS. — Splendid cast. Chorus of 50. John J. Graham, Musical Director. Roof Garden Promenade Concert after the opera.

Nov. 28—The Sparkling Comic Opera, MADELON.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. Under the management of J. M. HILL.

"Mr. Bronson Howard's new comedy has scored." —S. Bronson Howard's Great Comedy, THE HENRIETTA. — ROBSON AND CRANE. — Act 1—The Giant and the Lamb. — Act 2—A packet of letters Henrietta. — Act 3—Bulls, Bears and the Tiger. — Act 4—These Money Transactions. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

DOCKSTADER'S. Evenings at 8:30. Saturday matinee at 2:30.

Mr. LEW DOCKSTADER — Manager. Mr. EDWARD E. KIDDER — Acting Manager.

Grand production of the BLACK FAUST.

Splendid scenery, costumes, singing and electrical effects.

New First-part finale.

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PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

The Dalys have just closed the heaviest week's business at the Hollis Street Theatre which that house has ever known, the receipts for the first four nights being larger than for the two weeks preceding. *Upside Down* caught on wonderfully, and there is little doubt that it would draw full houses until Christmas. Money was turned away from the doors every night during the week. On Monday night, Mr. E. S. Sothern starred at this house. The *Lightning Bearer*, with the same co., which was with him at the Lyceum in New York.

The seventy-fifth performance of *A Run of Luck* took place at the Boston on Thursday evening, and over a thousand elegant sovenors were given away to the ladies present. The design was a horse-blanket made of satin, which was a picture of Daniel, the horse which plays so important a part in the story. The Whiteman's Orchestra announces its second concert at the Academy of Music (Concert Hall) Nov. 25. Rafael Josephy will be the pianist.

CINCINNATI.

Vernosa Jarreau and an excellent co. filled out the week at Henck's in an amusing skit entitled *Starlight*. Despite the fact that she was suffering from a severe cold, Miss Jarreau worked up a brilliant performance, her voice being exceptionally clear. Bessie Clemons, Will Rigan, and Richard F. Carroll's work in the principal roles assisted materially in the week's success. Carroll proved himself an able comedian. Harry Standish in his song, "Jazzy Straus," was mightily encoraged. *Le Voyage en Suisse* is the current week's attraction, followed by *Le Little Tycoon*.

Samuel's popularity, if the attendance at the Grand past week be taken as a criterion, has evidently not diminished with Cincinnati amusement-goers. He is still the same good-natured Fritz, whose winsome stage manners and appearance more than compensated for any deficiency in his vocalism. His support was satisfactory, the three little children scoring quite a hit. This week the American Opera co. in Niles, followed by the *Lightning Bearer* by Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.

The *Campagni* co. gave two grand concerts in Music Hall last week—Friday night and Saturday afternoon—at which Miss Elvira Pappette made her first appearance before a Boston audience. She was very warmly received, as was also Mrs. Scalchi, a great Boston favorite.

PHILADELPHIA.

At the Walnut Street Theatre Robert H. Mantell has made a decided hit in his new play, *Monarchs*. He plays himself in a melodrama somewhat illogical in plot, but in the main well constructed and interesting. It certainly affords Mr. Mantell excellent opportunities to display his best powers. He is thoroughly fitted in the title role, and his acting all through the play commands the closest attention and merits the warmest praise. The most noticeable force of his acting is his intensity, which is shown even in his quiet scenes, and which commands and thrills in his stronger situations. Of all the plays yet selected for the display of his special and peculiar powers this is certainly the best, and yet he far dominates the situation that the play is more indebted to him than to the play. Fanny Gillette gave him excellent support. Her acting all through the play was intelligent and judicious, and when occasion demanded she exhibited genuine dramatic force. Charles Mason is the leading heavy role was guarded, natural and very effective within the proper limits, and displayed both ability and good judgment. The same praise cannot be bestowed upon all the members of the co., but in the main they were more than satisfactory. Mr. Mantell remains another week. *Annie Pixley* sk.

Mr. Gillette's excellent play, *Hold by the Enemy*, played to good business at the Chestnut Street Opera House. It was presented by an excellent co. among whom Blanche Thorne and Hattie Schell deserve the highest commendation. This week *Hanlon's Fantasma*; *Booth and Barrett* sk.

Mr. C. Goodwin played to excellent business at the Chestnut Street Theatre. His new play, *Turned Up*, is cleverly written and is exceedingly funny. Mr. Goodwin himself gave a good performance of Mr. Goodwin's play. *Mr. Five Skillings*. His co. was good. This week *Kermale*.

Joseph Jefferson played last week his annual engagement at the Arch Street Theatre. He appeared as Caleb Plummer, Mr. Collyright and Rip. Comment upon these performances of course unnecessary. The business of the week was large. This week *Aladdin*; or *The Thousand Lamp*.

Longfellow's production of *Leguere's* has been but a partial success at the Academy of Music. His co. is fairly good, but the play has never been a popular success in any guise. The scenery is especially handsome. *Leguere's* remains another week.

Hoodman's *Blind* crowded the National Theatre. As I have but recently had occasion to mention the performances of this co. to my readers, my opinion then expressed remains unchanged. Further comment is not needed. This week, *Shadows of a Great City*.

She at the Broad Street Theatre has temporarily recovered from its financial embarrassment and has played all the week to light business. I was visited to-day by all the leading male members of the co., who, to my whole-hearted commendation should have been directed against the actress, and not the actors who unfortunately had to struggle with them.

Manchester's *Night Owls* played to splendid business at the Central Theatre. The show has been reconstructed and has gathered several new and clever attractions, and is altogether one of the strongest attractions that has appeared at the house this season. The Three Musical Kings, Wood, Shepard and Bryant, made their first appearance here to-day, and were received with great enthusiasm. This is *Julian and Hart's* idea.

At Farnsworth's Theatre *The Martyr* played to excellent business. This week *A Mountain Pink*.

The Silver King crowded the Continental Theatre. This week *The Brook*.

Peter F. Baker played to first-rate business at the Lyric Theatre in *Chris and Leah*. The Silver King this week.

The continual large crowds flocked to *Caron's* where they were rewarded by an excellent programme.

BALTIMORE.

The event of the musical season is always the engagement of the National Opera co., and its short season of four weeks. The opening of the season of the first part of last week was a successful one for the management and a veritable treat to the lovers of music. Four operas constituted the repertoire and of these three were new to us. *Nero* and *Queen of Sheba* were seen here for the first time and put on the stage with a scenic splendor that was a revelation. *Tannhauser*, too, was a novelty, all the companies that have had it in their repertoires have, probably or accidentally, left it out of the bill. *La Gioconda* was a success, and was lost in the magnificence of the *ensemble*. There is an attention to detail, an air of artistic completeness about all the performances of this co. that is charming, and that makes the advent here the most anxiously awaited event of the musical season. *Atkinson's Peck's* *Bad Co.* filled in the balance of the week to good business. For the current week *Zorba the Greek*, is the attraction. *Next, Shadows of a Great City*.

John S. Clark played a return engagement at Ford's Opera House last week which was a repetition of the big houses and delighted audiences that characterized his engagement of a few weeks ago. He gave, for the first time in America, a comedy written for him entitled, *Beggar on Horseback* and reappeared in *The Round Table*, which was the cleverest comedy seen here lately. The plot is breezy and witty. As *Adolphus* *Shad Mr. Clark* is at his best, and the co. is seen to advantage. *Daniel Dashwood* is cleverly handled by George W. Leslie, while Mrs. German makes the most of Mrs. *Shad*. *Theodore Hamilton* gives a good dialect impersonation as *Beggar*. The event of the week, however, was *One* *Click's* *Bad Co.* *Hamlet*, which was given to a crowded house on Friday night. The cast was a good one and the performance went off quite smoothly. *Harbor Lights* began a two weeks' engagement on Monday night. Next attraction, *High-Ed Bicker*.

Richard Mansfield gave his wonderful impersonation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde at Holiday Street Theatre last week to large audiences. The action of the star was an amazingly artistic piece of work, but the play was terrifying. The repartees and loathsome scenes with which he invested the part of Mr. Hyde made the cold chills fly up and down one's spine. On Wednesday and Saturday nights *Monsieur* was the bill. *Frank Daniels* in *Little Puck* this week.

The attendance was fair at Farnsworth's Masonic Temple, during his engagement of the *Pavements of Paris*, which was presented in a good way with fine scenic effects. This week opened with the usual Monday matinee, and with *The Martyr* as the attraction. *Lily Clay's Gaiety* co. closed a fair week's business on Saturday night at the Monumental Theatre. The programme consisted chiefly of an anatomical display purporting to represent Parisian life, and which was so true to life that the audience was told in the programme that the attraction was a "real life picture" without visiting this exhibition. *The Minstrel de Boulanger* is pretty hard to say. If General Boulanger allowed this to be called after him, he ought to have been deposed. The show was pretty bad. This week the Howard Atheneum.

At Frost Street Theatre the Weston Brothers in *The Way of the World* played to a run of big houses. The

play is sensational to an alarming extent but serves to introduce the musical specialties of the Weston's who are unusually clever in their line. *Dominick Murray*, an old-time favorite, is billed for this week in *Right's* *Rit*.

Notes: The result of the recent engagement of the National Opera co. was gratifying both to Manager Harris of the Academy and Locke of the co. The receipts for the four performances were \$1,850. The attendance was best at *Tannhauser* on Wednesday evening. So satisfactory has the result been that the co. is engaged for a second engagement in February. It is to be sincerely hoped that it will be effected at the occasion of the *Keenworth Club* given on Thursday evening, among others of the dramatic profession present were *Crescent Clarke*, *George W. Leslie* and *J. B. Maher* of the *J. S. Clarke* co.—*Carl Faehnle*, the Boston pianist, gave a recital at Lehman's Hall to a large and very cordial audience. *Carl Faehnle* was one time connected with the Peabody Conservatory here. The Whiteman's Orchestra announces its second concert at the Academy of Music (Concert Hall) Nov. 25. *Rafael Josephy* will be the pianist.

BOSTON.

The Dalys have just closed the heaviest week's business at the Hollis Street Theatre which that house has ever known, the receipts for the first four nights being larger than for the two weeks preceding. *Upside Down* caught on wonderfully, and there is little doubt that it would draw full houses until Christmas. Money was turned away from the doors every night during the week. On Monday night, Mr. E. S. Sothern starred at this house. The *Lightning Bearer*, with the same co., which was with him at the Lyceum in New York.

The seventy-fifth performance of *A Run of Luck* took place at the Boston on Thursday evening, and over a thousand elegant sovenors were given away to the ladies present. The design was a horse-blanket made of satin, which was a picture of Daniel, the horse which plays so important a part in the story. The Whiteman's Orchestra announces its second concert at the Academy of Music (Concert Hall) Nov. 25. *Rafael Josephy* will be the pianist.

CINCINNATI.

Vernosa Jarreau and an excellent co. filled out the week at Henck's in an amusing skit entitled *Starlight*. Despite the fact that she was suffering from a severe cold, Miss Jarreau worked up a brilliant performance, her voice being exceptionally clear. Bessie Clemons, Will Rigan, and Richard F. Carroll's work in the principal roles assisted materially in the week's success. Carroll proved himself an able comedian. Harry Standish in his song, "Jazzy Straus," was mightily encoraged. *Le Voyage en Suisse* is the current week's attraction, followed by *Le Little Tycoon*.

BOSTON.

At the Hollis Street Theatre Robert H. Mantell has made a decided hit in his new play, *Monarchs*. He plays himself in a melodrama somewhat illogical in plot, but in the main well constructed and interesting. It certainly affords Mr. Mantell excellent opportunities to display his best powers. He is thoroughly fitted in the title role, and his acting all through the play commands the closest attention and merits the warmest praise. The most noticeable force of his acting is his intensity, which is shown even in his quiet scenes, and which commands and thrills in his stronger situations. Of all the plays yet selected for the display of his special and peculiar powers this is certainly the best, and yet he far dominates the situation that the play is more indebted to him than to the play. Fanny Gillette gave him excellent support. Her acting all through the play was intelligent and judicious, and when occasion demanded she exhibited genuine dramatic force. Charles Mason is the leading heavy role was guarded, natural and very effective within the proper limits, and displayed both ability and good judgment. The same praise cannot be bestowed upon all the members of the co., but in the main they were more than satisfactory. Mr. Mantell remains another week. *Annie Pixley* sk.

Mr. Gillette's excellent play, *Hold by the Enemy*, played to good business at the Chestnut Street Opera House. It was presented by an excellent co. among whom Blanche Thorne and Hattie Schell deserve the highest commendation. This week *Hanlon's Fantasma*; *Booth and Barrett* sk.

Mr. C. Goodwin played to excellent business at the Chestnut Street Theatre. His new play, *Turned Up*, is cleverly written and is exceedingly funny. Mr. Goodwin himself gave a good performance of Mr. Goodwin's play. *Mr. Five Skillings*. His co. was good. This week *Kermale*.

Joseph Jefferson played last week his annual engagement at the Arch Street Theatre. He appeared as Caleb Plummer, Mr. Collyright and Rip. Comment upon these performances of course unnecessary. The business of the week was large. This week *Aladdin*; or *The Thousand Lamp*.

Longfellow's production of *Leguere's* has been but a partial success at the Academy of Music. His co. is fairly good, but the play has never been a popular success in any guise. The scenery is especially handsome. *Leguere's* remains another week.

Hoodman's *Blind* crowded the National Theatre. As I have but recently had occasion to mention the performances of this co. to my readers, my opinion then expressed remains unchanged. Further comment is not needed. This week, *Shadows of a Great City*.

She at the Broad Street Theatre has temporarily recovered from its financial embarrassment and has played all the week to light business. I was visited to-day by all the leading male members of the co., who, to my whole-hearted commendation should have been directed against the actress, and not the actors who unfortunately had to struggle with them.

Manchester's *Night Owls* played to splendid business at the Central Theatre. The show has been reconstructed and has gathered several new and clever attractions, and is altogether one of the strongest attractions that has appeared at the house this season. The Three Musical Kings, Wood, Shepard and Bryant, made their first appearance here to-day, and were received with great enthusiasm. This is *Julian and Hart's* idea.

At Farnsworth's Theatre *The Martyr* played to excellent business. This week *A Mountain Pink*.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

Before he left for England the other day Joseph Arthur told me the *Princess* was the London theatre where The Still Alarm would most probably be done. Informal negotiations had been progressing with Manager Kelly beforehand. Should the trip be arranged Harry Lacy, the horses and the real fire-engine will set sail at the conclusion of an engagement at the Fourteenth Street next March. The stay on the other side will last until November. Mr. Arthur said he believed the piece would startle the Parisian middle classes if he could get it on at one of the popular theatres in the French capital. At any rate he is going to run across the Channel and see about a translation and the chances of a production.

It is now decided that Mr. Palmer will not cross the ocean next month to superintend the production of *Theodora at the Princess*. The change of plan does not displease the active manager; he was not especially in love with the idea of crossing the sea at this inclement season, and he would have found it inconvenient to leave his many interests even for a few weeks.

A Philadelphian wants to know if a "Speaking Pantomime," announced by some manager for next season, is a proper expression I presume he means to ask by this, if it makes sense, for propriety, of course, is not in question where managerial announcements are concerned. Here we have a new recruit for my infant class of correspondents. To this seeker after knowledge, a live corpse, a dumb singer, a dry rain or a dark light would all be subjects of anxious inquiry. Why doesn't he give the *Public Ledger* a chance to answer his question?

The Central Labor Union has expelled the Musical Mutual Protective Union from its organization. Now the fiddlers and horn-blowers will have to finally choose whether or not they will pool their issues with the bricklayers and cigar-makers, because unless they give up membership in the M. M. P. U. within thirty days they will be boycotted and lose the business of scraping and tooting at the festive gatherings of the labor bands. Some of them are used to horns, but which one to select in this dilemma is a problem that is causing the Dutch brains unusual agitation.

It all came about through Manager Hill's refusal to discharge non-union workmen when the Union Square was being altered last summer. His union orchestra refused to desert their post and the M. M. P. U. declined to order them out or discipline them. This caused the kick in the Central league. I haven't any special sympathy for the musicians in their perplexity—if, indeed, they need any—for the reduction of what is generally esteemed as an art to the classification of a trade is a piece of venality that has never reflected credit upon the musicians of this city.

Barnum has had to play the Phoenix pretty nearly as much as Milton Nobles. The great conflagration at Bridgeport gives him another opportunity of demonstrating his immense enterprise and his resources. But it's an expensive species of demonstration.

Marshal Wilder and other popular entertainers will help along a good work on the evenings of next week following Tuesday. They will diversify a Bazaar that is to be held in the house at the southwest corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, under the auspices of Mrs. Dr. Guernsey and Miss Guernsey, in aid of the Diaconessen and Hospital of the Good Shepherd. This institution some time ago offered to care for destitute professionals who might need aid and professional treatment. The object of the Bazaar is a worthy one, and with a lot of pretty girls, and pretty articles for Christmas presents on hand, it ought to be a big success.

My jolly friend and esteemed contemporary, The Gusher, isn't the only owner of sagacious dog-flesh connected with this journal. I have a Scotch ratch or stag hound that for gaunt homeliness and intelligence combined can give points to any canine in the land. He has had a dramatic career. Some years ago he appeared with marked success during the run of *Storm Beaten* at the Union Square—and survived. Since then "Luke" has lived in the country in happy retirement and freedom from the annoyances of professional life. But like all actors he longs to return to

the footlights and for that reason—and because the "legitimate" is tempting—he has accepted a week's engagement with McKee Rankin to play in *Macbeth* at the Brooklyn Theatre. He has never had any experience as a scene-chewer, but as almost any diet from vagrant cats to juicy tramps, has hitherto agreed with him, the new one will doubtless prove agreeable. "Luke" is going to play the companion of Lady Macduff's children in the production.

The Hilliard-Langtry Controversy.

Opinion is divided as to the merits of the Hilliard-Langtry controversy.

On Mrs. Langtry's behalf it is urged that she simply exercised her prerogative in dismissing Mr. Hilliard; that her action was the result of accumulated annoyances, which had nothing whatever to do with the alleged insult directed at Mrs. Hilliard and Mr. Dixey by Fred Gebhard and some friends on last Monday week at the Harlem theatre; that Mr. Hilliard has been actuated by a desire to acquire free advertising at Mrs. Langtry's expense, and in carrying out this plan he has wilfully misquoted and misrepresented her. The actress' friends furthermore claim that if Mr. Hilliard really wished to avenge the insult to his wife he would not have ruthlessly dragged her name into print and taken the initiative in getting the whole matter exploited by the papers.

On the other hand, Mr. Hilliard's conduct meets with the approval of his intimates. They state that he was unfairly dealt with by Mrs. Langtry and his discharge was the climax to a series of petty persecutions. They extenuate his conduct in making the circumstances of the case public, on the ground that there was no other means of vindication at hand.

Mr. Hilliard said in *THE MIRROR* last week that Mrs. Langtry had recently used the following expression in rebuking him for some real or fancied breach of etiquette: "It might do if you were supporting a variety star. Remember, you are not with Maggie Mitchell, or a dried up old woman like Modjeska." The publication of these words has called forth the following letter of denial from Mrs. Langtry.

New York, Nov. 19, 1887.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR—In your last week's issue Mr. Hilliard, who was formerly a member of my company, quotes me as having referred to Madame Modjeska and Miss Maggie Mitchell in uncomplimentary terms.

Nothing which Mr. Hilliard has permitted himself to say about me has caused me a feeling of transient vexation.

Yours truly, LILLIE LANGTRY.

In connection with this subject *THE MIRROR* has also received a letter from a relative of Maggie Mitchell, written, of course, without knowledge of the above contradiction. It runs as follows:

24 WEST TWENTY-SIXTH STREET,
NEW YORK, NOV. 20, 1887.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR—There is nothing in the Langtry-Hilliard controversy that I have seen to do to involve myself therein, but inasmuch as my honored aunt, Miss Maggie Mitchell, has been referred to, I should like to say a word in reference thereto. Mrs. Langtry has been quoted, and has entered no denial as referring in a derogatory manner to Maggie Mitchell as a variety artiste who is standing in the profession.

I must therefore beg you to give prominence to my explicit denial of Mr. Hilliard's cruel assertion, and remain,

Yours truly, JULIAN MITCHELL.

It is now decided that Mr. Palmer will not cross the ocean next month to superintend the production of *Theodora at the Princess*. The change of plan does not displease the active manager; he was not especially in love with the idea of crossing the sea at this inclement season, and he would have found it inconvenient to leave his many interests even for a few weeks.

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PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

had Oscar Cobb here last week to take dimensions for a new opera house, which he intends to build early next Spring.

WAPAKONETA.

Opera House (C. W. Timmermeister, manager): Kate Bebbington assisted by an able co., sang the opera *L'Elisir* to a fair house 12.

TOLEDO.

Wheeler's Opera House (S. W. Brady, manager): The Wonderful King pleased large audiences 14-15. House was fair. A 15,000 house saw Booth and Barrett in *Julie* 17. A 13,000 house saw Booth and Barrett in *Julie* 18. Gorman's Minstrels the last two nights of the week drew but fair houses. Performance up to the average.

People's: Edmund Collier, supported by a good co., appeared in *Virginia*, *Damn*, and *Pythias*, Metamora and Jack Cade to good houses.

CIRCLEVILLE.

Coliseum (Charles H. Kellman, manager): J. W. Hart in *Ruth and Winter* sold for 12 but failed to convert. Hartie's *Merry's Argonauts* of '90 did poor business 16-17, as the co. came on two days' notice.

Item: THE MIRROR is on sale at H. Cook & Co.'s bookstore.

LEETONIA.

Opera House (Forney and Scobey, managers): Nellie Preseco to 12, presenting her new play. On the *Sherpa*. Good house; advanced prices. Howorth's *Hibernian* 18, with brass band; crowded house.

FREMONT.

Heim's New Opera House (Dryfoos and McCueen, managers): Gorman's Minstrels to crowded house 17. Show excellent. Never has there been in Fremont a minstrel co. to originally and well trained.

UPPER SANDUSKY.

Opera House (John A. Linn, manager): The Boy Tramps and The Maniac Mammies. Nevville and me 14 to fair audience. Pack's *Bad Boy* 17 to packed house, giving excellent satisfaction. Nellie Free, supported by Frank E. Dunn (son of R. D. Dunn, editor of *Wyandotte Union*, of this place) will hold the boards at our Opera House 18-19.

HAMILTON.

Music Hall (Hartford and Morner, managers): Concluded Opera co. 12; fair house.

MANSFIELD.

Opera House (Miller and Dittmeyer, managers): *There Upon the World* in small audience. Frank Edwards, Rufus Scott and Frank Allen in the leading parts were fair.

MOUNT VERNON.

Woodward Opera House (G. G. Hart, manager): Rufus Scott's co. in *There Upon the World* 15. The wood Scott and his wife-brothers are thrown on the wind the better it will be for good co. Worst play and co. of the season. The house responds with May Blom's *Sons* 16. Dick Sands' *Contingents* 17.

SPRINGFIELD.

Grand Opera House (Samuel Waldman, manager): Sol Smith Hall opened in Springfield 15 before a small house. Mr. Smith is without a peer in his quiet line of business. *Rescue Lights* 16; fair house. A fine melodrama presented by a capable co., *My Geraldine* 17 to poor business. *Maytag-Vaughn* co. in Tobogganing 18 to medium business. A clever party of people, who make a great "go" of a very thin substance. Joseph A. Ott is a juvenile of much ability. Dick Brody 19.

OREGON.

Portland (J. C. Howe, manager): While the amusement-loving people of Portland have seen their old New Market Theatre turned into an agricultural implement warehouse on the lower end have been the most popular and pleasant. Very important indeed is what was once called the Casino (now the New York Theatre), and are indeed under obligations to Manager Howe for the care and comfort which this new theatre affords owing to its complete internal arrangement including the latest improved opera stage.

This theatre was opened by Mand Granger and co. in *The Pioneer's Wife* to a large and fashionable audience.

The co.'s repertoire included The Crooks, Mr. Washington Irving, Bishop, the Mind Reader, was booked for Portland for seven nights at Masonic Hall commencing 18, but a dispatch from San Francisco announces the severe illness of Mr. Bishop; hence his engagement has been indefinitely postponed.

PENNSYLVANIA.

HARRISBURG.

Opera House (Marshall and Till, managers): The New World was presented by the Clocker Dramatic co. for the benefit of the Quick Charity Fund 15. The attendance was very large, every seat in the house being taken. The leading role, Arthur Melville, was most impressively enacted by Thomas Clocker, some time in the past, notably in the part of W. L. Jones, who is the author of *Irving's O'Brien*. Mr. Clocker, who enacted the hero, The Lodore, was fairly good, while the scenery, painted expressly for the occasion, was magnificent. The Two Orphans 16 met a fairly good reception. The house was well filled and the co. did not with the warmest approval. The McCalli Opera co. 17. Bellman was the attraction, finely sung, scientifically constructed and nearly music, but given for a more popular catch on. The house was one of the best in all respects—large, fashionable and musically cultured. The Gusher's *Don ami*, Hopper—he is much altitudinously—was a most stirring ingredient in this potpourri of fun. His illustrations of the Delarue system were provocative of the only genuine laughter of the evening. His voice had taken the best off of him, but his impudent wit, his impudent wit, Jeff De Angelis and McDonough were the other funny men, and they acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner. The ladies, Laura Joyce, Marion Mandis and Anna Myers looked sweet, sang charmingly and in themselves added the necessary element to make a perfect whole. No stage sets were given on, and the orchestra was but competent. The Golden Guest, with Miss McKeon, was the star attraction, and put on for two nights 18-19. The attendance first night was small, but increased largely second night. The play presents many strong and effective situations and has a tangible plot. 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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

MYRA GOODWIN: Syracuse 21-5, Toronto 28-Dec. 3.
MARVIN CO.: Norfolk 28-Dec. 1, Richmond 5-7.
MARGUERITE ST. JOHN: Utica, N. Y., 23-4.
NEWTON BROWN (Lost in London): Indianapolis 21-6.
St. Louis 28-Dec. 3, Chicago 5-10.
NEIL BURGESS: San Francisco 21-Dec. 10.
N. C. GOODWIN: Portland, Me., 23-4, Portsmouth, N. H., 28.
NELLIE WALKER: Sioux City, Dak. 24-6, Flandreau 5, Pierre 28-Dec. 3, Madison 30.
NATURAL GAS CO.: Louisville 24-6.
NOBODY'S CLAIM CO.: Louisville 24-6.
N. S. WOOD: Cincinnati 21-6.
NELLINE FREE: Bucyrus 24-5, Upper Sandusky 28-Dec. 30.
ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER CO.: St. Cloud, Minn., 24-6, Alexandria 21-6, Watertown 2-3.
OSBURN-STOCKWELL CO.: San Jose 23-4, Santa Rosa 23-6, Oakland 28-Dec. 30, San Francisco Dec 5—Indefinite season.
OLIVER BYRD: Chicago 14-Dec. 3, Columbus, O., 28-29.
ONE OF THE BRAVEST: Chicago 24-6, Ft. Wayne 28-Dec. 3.
ON THE RIO GRANDE: Springfield 24, Middletown 25, Hamilton 25, Cincinnati, O., Dec. 3.
PARLOW MATCH CO.: N. Y. City 21-22, Philadelphia 28-Dec. 3, Brooklyn 5-10, New York, Philadelphia 28-Dec. 3.
OUR RAILROAD MEN: Wheeling, W. Va. 24-6.
PLUM PUDDING CO.: Memphis 28-Dec. 3.
PASLOR'S GRACE: Widow, Providence 23-5.
PATTI ROSA: Birmingham, Ala., 23-6, Selma 28.
PETE BAKER: Norristown, Pa., 24, Bristol 25, Burlington 28-Dec. 3, Boston 28-Dec. 3, 30, Philadelphia 28-Dec. 3.
PETE'S BAD BOY CO. (Atkins' Co.): Washington 21-22.
PISBACH 28-Dec. 3.
ROBERT DOWNEY: Minneapolis 21-6, St. Paul 28-Dec. 3, Chicago 2-10, Memphis 12-17.
ROHINA VOYES COMEDY CO.: Los Angeles 28 week.
ROMON AND CRANE: N. Y. City Sept. 26—Indefinite season.
ROLAND REED: Milwaukee 24-6, Chicago 28-Dec. 3, Coldwater, Mich., 21, Flint 6, Buffalo 7-10, N. Y. City 28-Dec. 3.
RUN OF LUCK: Boston Sept. 28—Indefinite season.
RICHARD O'GORMAN: Duluth, Minn., 23-4, Brainerd 25, St. Cloud 26, Northfield 28, Faribault 29, Mankato 20, Rochester 21, Austin 2, Decorah, Ia. 3.
RAD BABY: Quincy, Ill., 24.
RICHARD MANSFIELD: Washington 21-6, Cincinnati 28-Dec. 3.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY: Philadelphia 24, two weeks.
ROBERT RICHARD: Rochester 24-6, Knoxville, Tenn., 28, Chattanooga 29, Birmingham, Ala., 30, Meridian, Miss., Dec. 1, Jackson 2, Natchez 3.
REDMUND-BARRY CO.: Columbus, Ga., 24, Atlanta 25-6, New Orleans 2-17.
RANCH CO.: New London, Ct., 25, Paterson, N. J., 28.
SALESBURG'S TROUBADOURS: Indianapolis 24-6, Chicago 28-Dec. 3.
SHAD-WOS OF A GREAT CITY: Philadelphia 21-6, Baltimore 28-Dec. 3.
SILVER KING CO.: Philadelphia 24, two weeks, Baltimore 28-Dec. 3, Wilmington, Del., 5-7, Trenton, N. J., 8-10.
SOL SMITH RUSSELL: Nashville 24-6, Evansville, Ind., 28, Paducah, Ky., 29-30, Little Rock 7, Memphis 28-Dec. 3, St. Louis 28-Dec. 3.
SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON: Davenport, Ia., 24, Ft. Madison 25, Burlington 26, Chicago 28-Dec. 3.
SID FRANCE: Reading, Pa., 24-6.
SALLIE HINTON: Lancaster, Pa., 21-6, Hanover 28-Dec. 30, York Dec. 2-3.
SAM'S OF POMON CO.: Montreal 21-6, Ottawa 28-9, Ontario, N. Y., 28, Watertown Dec. 1, Utica 2, Poughkeepsie 28-Dec. 3.
STUART THEATRE CO.: Frankfurt, Ind., 21-6, Muncie 28-Dec. 3.
TWO JOHNS: Toledo, O., 24, Adrian, Mich., 25, Jackson 26, Chicago 28-Dec. 3.
THE SCAGGARTH: Troy 24-6, Rochester 28-Dec. 3.
T. W. SODLIER: Milwaukee 24-6, Indianapolis 28-Dec. 3.
TWO OLD CROWNS: Norfolk, Va., 24-6, Hampton 28-Dec. 3.
T. J. FARROW: Bridgeport, Ct., 24-6, Washington 28-Dec. 3.
TAKEN FROM LIFE: Worcester, Mass., 24-6.
TRUE IRISH HEARTS: Cohoes, N. Y., 24, Elmira 25-6.
THROWN UPON THE WORLD: John Wayne, Ind., 28-6, Louisville, Ky., 29, Watertown, N. Y., 30, Davison Dec. 1-2, Middletown, Indianapolis 5-10.
TRIXIE CO.: Davielle, Ill., 24, Matteson 29.
UNDER THE GASLIGHT: Waterbury, Ct., 24, Bristol 25, Thomaston 26, Wethersfield, I. R. 18.
ULLIE AKERSTROM: Newcastle 21, week, Lockport, N. Y., 28, week, Auburn Dec. 5-10, Rome 28-Dec. 17, Utica 19-24.
W. J. SCALMARI: St. Louis 21-6, Chicago 28-Dec. 3.
DITSON 25-26, Cincinnati 12-17.
WINNETT'S PASSION'S SLAVE CO.: Evansville, Ind., 24-5, Vincennes 26, St. Louis 28-Dec. 3.
WINNETT'S GREAT WRONG CO.: St. Joseph, Mo., 25, Council Bluffs, Ia., 26, Omaha 28-30.
WHITE SLAVE CO.: Chicago 21-6, Pullman 28, South Bend, Ind., 29, Port Huron, Mich., 30.
WESTON BROTHERS: Hoboken 21-6, N. Y. City 28-Dec. 3.
WEXFORD CO.: Cumberland, Md., 21-6, Frederick 28-Dec. 3, Carlisle, Pa., 5-10.
WILSON DAY CO.: N. Adams 21-6, Hoosic Falls 28-Dec. 3.
WAGES OF SIN: Hoboken 21-6.
WEBSTER-BRADY CO.: Los Angeles, Cal., 14-Dec. 3.
WE, US CO.: Louisville 24-6.
ZITKA CO.: Annapolis, Md., 24, Norristown, Pa., 26.
ZOO: Baltimore 21-6.

Hoosic Falls 26, Bennington, Vt., 28, North Adams, Mass., 29.
HUNTERSON'S: South Norwalk, Ct., 26, New Milford 28-6, Mtn. 28-Dec. 3, Troy 29, Brooklyn 21-6, Brooklyn, E. D., 28-Dec. 3.
MORAN-THOMAS: N. Y. City 21-6.
SWATHAM, RICE AND FAGAN'S: Brooklyn 21-6.
T. P. W.: Washington 21-6, Alexandria, Va., 28, Richmond 29-30, Norfolk Dec. 1, Petersburg 28, Lynchburg 3.
WILSON AND RANKIN'S: Minneapolis 21-6.
WILSON'S ALL-STAR: Warsaw 24, Attica 25.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

AUSTRALIAN NOVELTY CO.: Paterson, N. J., 21-6, N. Y. City 28-Dec. 3.
DICK SANDS: Elmira, N. Y., 24, Newcastle, Pa., 30.
DUNCAN CLARK'S CO.: Springfield, Mass., 21-6.
EMILY SOLDNER CO.: St. Louis 21-6.
FITZGERALD'S EARLY BIRDS CO.: N. Y. City 21-6, Buffalo 28-Dec. 3.
HARLEM-HART CO.: Philadelphia 21-6, N. Y. City 28-Dec. 3, Boston 28-Dec. 3.
HARRY WILSON CO.: Washington 21-6.
HOWARD ATHERTON CO.: Baltimore 21-6, week, Philadelphia 28-Dec. 3, Pittsburgh 5-10.
HYDE'S SPECIALTY CO.: Kansas City 21-6, Leavenworth, Kas., 28, Atchison 29, Lincoln, Neb., 30.
JULIEN'S MEGHNAH: Brooklyn 21-6.
KERNELL'S CO.: Syracuse 21-6.
LAW CLAW'S CO.: Cincinnati 28-Dec. 3.
MICHIGAN-SIERRA CO.: Wheeling, W. Va., 24-6, Pittsburgh 28-Dec. 3.
MARINELLI'S CONGRESS: Chicago 21-6, Dec. 3.
MIAO'S CO.: Clifton, O., 24, Beloitfontaine 25, Springfield 26.
NIGHT WLS: Pittsburgh 21-6.
RENT-SANTLEY CO.: Chicago 21-6, Dec. 3.
REILLY-WOOD CO.: Cincinnati 21-6.
SPARKS BROTHERS: Easton Pa., 24-6.
SIXSON CO.: Wilmington, Del., 21-6, Brooklyn 28-Dec. 3, Washington 3-10.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BRISTOL'S EQUESCURRICULUM: San Antonio 21-6, Austin 28-Dec. 3.
COUF'S EQUINES: Burlington, Ia., 28-Dec. 3.
DODD'S CIRCUS: Tyler, Tex., 28-Dec. 3.
E. W. A. CO.: Erie Buff, 24, Little Rock 7, Memphis 28-Dec. 3, St. Louis Dec. 5-10.
SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON: Davenport, Ia., 24, Ft. Madison 25, Burlington 26, Chicago 28-Dec. 3.
The Rudiments.

I have not seen an actor lately whose pronunciation of English more needed mending than does Geoffrey Hawley's. Into the words *reversion* and *conversion* Mr. Hawley puts a sound, though properly there is none; and the *e* in *perfect*, *tear*, and *person* and the *i* in *sir* he pronounces like short and obtuse *u*, and the *o* in *dog* he pronounces like *aw*.

Emma Vaders also missounds some of the vowels, the *e* in such words as *perfect*, *certain*, etc., being one of them.

Edwin Varney pronounces *dissemble* as though it were written with two *s*'s, and his vowel sounds, like Mr. Hawley's and Miss Vaders', are not what they should be.

Miss Stanhope and Miss St. Julian, of the *Dark Secret* cast, are two more that fail to give to the *e* in *nervous*, *person*, *mercy*, and so on, its proper sound. This *e*, like the *i* in *birch*, *bird*, *birth*, *firm*, *first*, *sir*, *thirst*, *virgin*, etc., cannot be successfully described. Those Americans that would sound these vowels correctly would do well to consult some educated Englishman with regard to them. The American tendency is to make their utterance too throaty.

Frederick Bryton in the character of John Diamond pronounces *girl* as though it were written *gurl*. If he were personating a man of more culture, Mr. Bryton would, perhaps, pronounce it differently.

Mr. Stafford pronounces *offend* and *offence* as though written with one *f*. He makes the *o* long, whereas it is short.

Mr. Pitt pronounces *again*, *agane*, instead of *agen*. The next time I see him, I shall inquire what his authority is; I know of none.

Frederic Robinson has a way peculiar to himself of sounding the *y* of the pronoun *my* when unemphatic. He sounds it very nearly like long *e*. Properly, as I believe, this *y*, when the pronoun is slurred (which, in common with all the other pronouns—*his*, *her* and *him* included—it should be when unemphatic) is sounded precisely like the *e* of *me*, when *me* is unemphatic; and this sound is precisely that of terminal *y* in *only*, *many*, etc., etc. Both the *y* and *e* of these pronouns, in unemphatic positions, become obscure—*i. e.*, they lose their long sounds to such an extent that they are not distinguishable. The long sound of *y* is precisely like the long sound of *i*. Take the word *elixir*, for example. If the last syllable were *ar*, *er*, *or*, *ur* or *yr*, we should pronounce the word in precisely the same manner. Vowels standing next to accented syllables are generally, not always, obscure.

The first *e* of the proper name *Percival* is not properly sounded by all the members of the Penman-Jim cast.

I did not see Jim the Penman until a few evenings ago. The first thing that an actor should think of is to make his auditor not only hear but understand. This is something however, that several members of the Penman cast do not seem to think of at all. Let the player, while he ostensibly talks to his interlocutor, really talk to the back rows, and he will rarely have any difficulty in making himself heard, even in large auditoriums. As for the Madison Square, it is very easy so to whisper on its stage as to be heard in every part of the house.

ALFRED AYRES

Deadly Belladonna.

The sad spectacle we saw, a few nights ago, of a talented actress, with a beautiful and refined face, whose eyes had evidently been dangerously weakened from the use of drugs until they alternately varied from a stony glare to a blinking avoidance of the light, induces the writer to raise a protest against excessive attempts at facial make-up as being not only dangerous to health, but destructive to the very beauty which is sought to be increased. Belladonna is a misnomer, for there is nothing beautiful in a staring, glaring eye, the unnatural brilliancy and fixity of which throws the rest of the face out of balance. When habitually used, there comes a point when the drug becomes inert, and then the result is a weak

and expressionless eye; the brightest jewel of beauty has lost its lustre, probably forever. The ultimate penalty is premature blindness, with its enforced retirement from the best loved sphere of action.

When will either Legislature or the more potent common sense abolish this wretched drug from the toilet and confine it to the physician's medicine-case? With regard to face-paints which are frequently necessary for special make-up, and sometimes desirable to counteract the effect of artificial light, they are much more frequently unnecessary for ladies, and where they can be dispensed with nature more than compensates. Indeed, their use seems to be in inverse ratio to the importance of the actress; a leading tragedienne may be innocent of the hares-foot, while the chorus girl's cheek is veiled with the damask rose and her eyes look like two large black wafers.

The Melancholy Dane's Debut.

Whatever may be the individual opinion regarding the various interpretations of the Melancholy Dane, the play of Hamlet itself has been brought by the many conflicting criticisms to the studious attention of the general public in a manner rarely, if ever, achieved by the drama of to-day. An account of its first production in this country is in 1786, and that also by a company of artists from the other side, will not be out of place. The *Independent Journal*, a New York paper published at the time, announced that on Monday evening, Jan. 16, 1786, Mr. Hallam would make his first appearance in Hamlet. The company which was to produce for the first time in America Shakespeare's great drama consisted of the managers of the John Street Theatre, in which it was played, Lewis Hallam and John Henry, and Messrs. Wignell, Harper, Morris, Biddle, Wools, Lake and Durang; Mesdames Morris, Harper, Miss Tuke, Miss Durang, and occasionally Miss Storer, soon afterward Mrs. Henry. Lewis Hallam had originally come to this country with his father, the elder Hallam, in 1752, and made his first appearance in any stage in Williamsburg, Virginia, as the servant to Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. He had but one line to say, apparently an easy task, but when he found himself in the presence of the audience he was panic-stricken. He stood motionless and speechless, until bursting into tears, he hastened off the stage, making a most inglorious exit. He was just twelve years old at the time. It was almost needless to add that he soon overcame his timidity and for more than half a century was the hero and favorite in tragedy and comedy. The *Independent Journal*, in speaking of the production of Hamlet, says:

"Mr. Hallam was received with that kindness and eclat which has been shown him for the last thirty years. In the course of the performance the managers restored the scene of the grave diggers, which had been discontinued of late years from whim by the late Mr. Garrick. Mr. Henry, who played the ghost, appeared in royal robes, taking the idea from the exclamation of young Hamlet: 'My father in his habit as he lived.' This alteration was much approved, and more especially as this was the first time it had been noticed on the stage."

The scene of the grave-diggers had been restored to the London stage long before. John Henry was the only actor in America at the time who kept a carriage. It was built in the shape of a coach, but very small, just sufficient to carry himself and wife to the theatre. Henry was a martyr to the gout and barely able to walk. He was aware also of the jealousy between players, and rather than incite any enmity by his good fortune in being able to ride, he had painted on the doors of the carriage a coat of arms, consisting of two crutches crossed in heraldic fashion, with the motto, 'This or That.' Henry at that time lived in Fair street, now Fulton, between Nassau and Broadway, and Mrs. Henry used to go down from her house to the theatre ready dressed for the character she was going to play. Dunalp, in his "History of the American Theatre," says:

"There is reason to believe that Betterton was the first true personator of Hamlet, and even Betterton, though instructed by Davenport, who had seen the original representation as taught by Shakespeare, though repite with talent and judgment, must have been in that part of the picture which depends upon dress miserably deficient."

Another author has said of this actor: "That his countenance, naturally ruddy and sanguine, in the scene of the third act, where his father's ghost appears, through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror, turned instantly, on the sight of his father's spirit, as pale as his neckcloth, when his whole body seemed to be affected with a tremor inexpressible, so that had his father's ghost actually risen before him he could not have been seized with more real agonies; and this was felt so strongly in the audience that the blood seemed to shudder in their veins likewise, and they in some measure partook of the astonishment and horror with which they saw this excellent actor affected."

Wilks, a contemporary of Betterton, gained credit in other portions of the varied character of Hamlet, particularly his reproaches to his mother, and the pathos of his exclamation, "Mother, for the love of grace." When Garrick had left Goodman's Fields Theatre, the nursery from which afterward the Hallams issued, he became the representative Hamlet, and the same receding of color from the face and other symptoms of real horror and astonishment recorded of Betterton, are described as having the same effect upon his auditors. It is said that the line, "I have that within which passeth show," was made so impressive by his manner as never to be forgotten by his hearers. Lewis Hallam, the second, might have seen Garrick, as he was in London in 1774, and Garrick, although declining, continued playing until the 10th of June, 1776. Certain it is that Hallam attempted the part at Covent Garden, and made no impression on the audience of that theatre generally.

Blowers.

The ground on which THE MIRROR office stands is historical. It was past this spot, on what was then the high road to Boston; that Peter Stuyvesant led his valiant Amsterdamers to the assault on the onion-raisers of Connecticut. The Governor was the chief of the army, but there was another who was more

heard from and attracted most of the attention of the crowd. This was no other than Anthony Van Corlaer marching at the head of the troops blowing his famous trumpet with might and main. He may be said to have been the first great blower or wind piper that traversed this region now occupied by windmills of one sort and another, sometimes called club-houses, and promenaded by professional touts, many of whom are emulators of the great renown of the Dutch trumpeter. These signalize their affliction by giving forth incessantly blasts of weird and blatant rhodomontade which make one's ears tingle.

In a later day, intermediate between the time and the present, there sprang up a band of shouters and declaimers in belligerent newspapers, who were celebrated by the historian of Anthony Van Corlaer, and were by him designated as "slang-whanglers."

When the whole city was quaking at the approach of the British fleet in the War of 1812 and racking its brains how to meet a fearful bombardment, Washington Irving was perfectly cool, and at once recommended that a short way to dispose of the enemy would be to organize a corps of the most vicious and obnoxious slang-whanglers, drawing them up in line on Battery Beach, and have them discharge the freshest and rankest of their editorial shells directly in the face of the dastard British Admiral and all of his outlandish crew.

Mr. Irving gave it as his opinion that in less than five minutes the malodorous ejection would enforce the entire armada to turn tail and scuttle through Sandy Hook, not to be seen any more thronging our harbor for all time to come. History reports that the attempt was made and the result was that instead of sending the British squadron skyhigh, the worthy and valiant slang-whanglers, by the intensity of their labors in expanding their lungs, blew themselves up and exploded into nothing but a bad smell, like so many Chinese crackers.

To all this our attention is called in order to warn their successors, the paragraph mongers, high-pressure critics and other bombastic mud-slinging assailants to beware lest the same fate should befall them by wagging their tongues to freely and unduly inflation of their windpipes. They may also just here take a hint from a contemporary guild of craftsmen, the glass-blowers, whose cheeks are said to become thin and lose their elasticity by the constant blowing. It is a matter of record, both here and in Europe, that glass-workers have blown holes through their cheeks. The only protection we claim for our resident blowers lies in the traditional toughness of their cheeks, which have up to this time bravely withstood all efforts to make an impression thereupon.

NESTOR.

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London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Nov. 9.

With the Unemployed and the Socialists and Lord Mayor's Day and the arrival of John L. Sullivan and other exciting topics, the newspaper folk in Fleet street have had a high old time this week; but managers are as a rule complaining. The Socialists are, taking them big and large, the most unsocial lot of bounders I have ever met. So they may be let slide as mere frauds. John L. somehow or other forces himself upon one's attention, for wherever he goes he is attended by hordes of sports and others eager to kiss the hem of his garment, and in a general way to show how glad they are to see him. This is hardly a theatrical topic, though it cannot be denied that "the slugger's" *fêtes et gestes* have occasionally a dramatic tendency.

What I started out to say was that, except Mary Anderson at the Lyceum, Miss Esmeralda at the Galety and the Shadows of a Great City at the Princess', I know of no London theatre which has lately been doing very good business. At the Globe, however, on Saturday night, we were introduced to a piece which, if the first-night reception and the notices thereof are to go for anything at all, should rival, if not surpass, any success of recent times. This was yet another adaptation from good old Von Moser's *dead-rock* of modern English farcical comedy. The piece adapted was *Haroun al Raschid*, and the adapter was Sydney Grundy. Of the half-dozen or so who have tried their hands at Englishing this play, Grundy is the first who has really succeeded. When Clotilda Graves essayed the work a few weeks ago the result was three acts of boredom. The best thing about Clo's piece was its title—*The Skeleton*. Grundy calls his adaptation *The Arabian Nights*, which is cumbersome and inartistic. Jessie Lee is said to have a version of *Haroun al Raschid* up her sleeve or in her cupboard, but of its merits or demerits I know nothing. If I mistake not, however, there was an American version upon the road—out West, I fancy—not long ago, which did not pan out quite so well as had been anticipated.

The Arabian Nights being announced for production at the Globe on Saturday evening, the proprietors of the other adaptation thought to get the bulge on their rivals by putting up *The Skeleton* at the Olympic on Saturday afternoon. The result of these tactics was to utterly snuff out *The Skeleton's* chances for ever more. Being badly played it went for nothing, and its faults were even more evident than on its original representation. The Arabian Nights is a good deal more than a mere translation. Grundy has preserved the spirit of the original, whilst leaving the letter at a considerable distance. The hero is a young man who, during his wife's absence from home, has filled up his time by imitating the immortal Caliph of Bagdad. That is to say, he has (in disguise) walked out at night in search of adventures. He found one in the Park, where he happened on a young lady who had lost her way—or, to use his own words—"had somehow or other gone wrong," and before parting from her at the doors of the Aquarium he politely placed around her neck a handkerchief on which was inscribed his real name and address. The sequel may be imagined. The young lady is a "Gutta-percha Girl" who dances on the slack wire at the Aquarium. Being of an extremely larky disposition, she calls upon the unfortunate Caliph next day and gives him fits. To explain the Gutta-percha Girl's presence to his terrible mother-in-law, the wretched husband introduces her as the rich niece whom they are expecting from America. Luckily his brother-in-law—a horsey little man of eccentric tastes—becomes smitten with the Gutta-percha one, and takes her off his hands just when the complications into which initial lie have led him have become too terrible any longer to be borne.

C. H. Hawtrey as the husband, Lottie Venne as the Gutta-percha Girl, and W. S. Penley as the brother-in-law, played splendidly and gave their author's dialogue in a way which assured success.

I have just spoken of Clo Graves in connection with farcical comedy. Now I have to treat her again, and this time in connection with Tragedy. In short, Clo (don't for this read short clothes) lately wrote all by herself a five-act Egyptian Tragedy called *Nitocris*. Rumor has it that Clotilda, who is now perhaps three-and-twenty, commenced this mighty work when she was eight years of age. Anyhow, she did not put the finishing touches on it until a little while ago, when she, by a stroke of good luck, got an introduction to the great and gorgeous Gus Harris, of Drury Lane Theatre, and read the tragedy to him. Harris was so struck by what he heard that he lent the little lady his theatre, also all the scenes and props he had had made for the opera *Aida*, and finally Clotilda's tragedy was tried at Old Drury last Wednesday afternoon.

I do not propose, as some days have now elapsed since the production, to give full details of *Nitocris*. Suffice it now to say that the well-known Queen of that name and of Egypt was the leading character; that she became mashed upon the hero, a young Greek named Phedaspes, who was in the corpse embalming line, and that after having him caught and brought to her boudoir she made certain proposals to him, which he rejected with all the righteous fervor of a Joseph. Whereupon the naughty Nitocris, pretending to relent, agrees to the virtuous Greek marrying his own true love, Sora, who is a working-woman in Queen N.'s train. But, anon, Nitocris poisons the little waiting-woman and sends her body to Phedaspes on the bridal bier. Phedaspes, in distraction, is about to kill himself, when his little lady-love awakes, because Nitocris has not administered the drug properly. The future now seems fraught with joy, when suddenly Phedaspes is charged by the local populace with having "ravished" Sora, and just as

he is about to produce Sora, to prove his innocence, a ferocious Slave, who is "wedded to a wife called Hate," buries his massive dagger in her heart. Then Phedaspes goes mad, and soon is found dying in the desert. Soon Nitocris comes to apologize, but is denounced by the Greek, who then dies. As the curtain falls Queen N. is seen clasping the corpse and waiting for the rising Nile to wash her and the Greek out into the infinite.

Miss Graves' tragedy, despite several defects and much inevitable gloom, proved interesting and often powerful. The wicked Nitocris was forcibly acted by Sophie Eyre, who looked every inch a queen, except in stature. She was somewhat uncertain as to gesture, but otherwise it was a fine piece of acting. The only other really powerful and consistent rendering was that of the ferocious slave by Robert Pateman. "Handsome Jack" Barnes and James Fernandez appeared, respectively, as the good young Greek who died, and a high priest of the Magi, but neither was in his best "legitimate" form.

Last Thursday the long promised new play by Henry Arthur Jones was tried at a Vaudeville matinee. This was a three-act comedy drama which was formerly announced under the title of *Fair Play's a Jewel*, but was now called *Heart of Hearts*. The story, which is somewhat thin, revolves around a priceless ruby bracelet bearing this name and belonging to an aristocratic family named Fitzralph. Soon the poor but honest heroine, who is about to marry into this family, is charged with stealing this, but the thief has really been committed by the p but b. heroine's long-lost convict father, who conveniently turns up the moment the hero puts the bracelet down near a conveniently open door. Much anguish results at first from the poor girl being thus accused, and later, by reason of her attempting to shield her father when she learns he was the thief. In one scene, in endeavoring to restore the ruby, and so save her father, she is discovered with it in her pocket, and alarming "scenes" occur. Finally, just as the heroine is about to pass from her aristocratic lover forever, all is explained and set right.

Jones has, with the exception of a somewhat span-out first act, treated this thread of story artistically, especially in the pathetic scenes, which are very strong. Kate Rorke (the original Sophia) was most touching and charming as the wrongfully accused girl. It is about the best thing she has done. Thomas Thorne, the Vaudeville manager, plays comically as a Socialistic butler to the Fitzralph family—a part full of "fat"—albeit of a conventional cut. Royce Carleton, whose first big hit in London was *Billie*, made another hit as the repentant returned convict. Sophie, an admirable elderly low-comedianess, of much London renown, has a fine part, an aristocratic middle-aged damsel who is secretly married to the comic butler aforesaid. Rose Leclercq has also a fine character, and Fred Thorne and Leonard Boyne are also well off in this respect. Boyne is a bit unequal, but F. Thorne is artistic throughout. *Heart of Hearts* was so warmly received at the trial-matinee that it will to-morrow night go into the Vaudeville bill in place of *Sophia*, which will then have been played there some 450 times. I am told that *Heart of Hearts* will be seen forthwith at your little Madison Square Theatre. I should say it would just suit the house, but you never can tell. Nothing is more uncertain than the actual business.

This week the great Coquelin has appeared at the Royalty as Mathias in *Le Juf Polonais*—known to us and to you as *The Bells*. So intimately is this character associated with Henry Irving (in point of fact, it was after first playing this that he awoke to find himself famous) that expectation ran high, and Royalty seats were at a premium. I know Coquelin, and I know his versatility, but I could not see how he was going to manage the Alsatian burgomaster whom Irving has made so weird and picturesque. Still, I thought to find at least an impressive performance, especially after Coquelin's late great acting in *L'Aine*. Instead of which I found a merry-smug Mathias, a low-comedy colloquial, confidential, consequential little Mathias, with nods and becks and wretched grins in place of remorse and petulance for pathos. Coquelin has so startled Londoners by this rendering, and has made so many kindly critics ill with astonishment that an interviewer from the *Pall Mall* waited upon him yesterday to ask why he did. Coquelin claimed that his is the true, natural rendering of the Alsatian burgomaster—a lively, brutal, unfeeling person. This may or may not be; all I know is, I prefer Irving's, for his is powerful, exciting, yes, terrible in its intensity. All things happen for the best, they say. Perhaps Coquelin has been induced to play Mathias here in order to make us remember what a great actor our Henry is in parts that suit him. Also how versatile he is.

George Conquest produced his "Autumn drama" at the Surrey on Monday night Henry Spy, who is a local pantomime writer and the present acting manager of the Surrey, has collaborated with him in the production thereof, and the result is *A Dead Man's Gold*; or, *The History of a Crime*. The five acts which grow thereout are less thrilling than the title to which they owe their existence, but they may serve for a few weeks. Who the "dead man" was and what became of his gold was not clear—to me, at least—but in Act I. there was a police raid on a low-gambling club, followed by a burglary in broad daylight. The burglars entered by the window, although the front door stood invitingly open. When the thieves had all got inside there was a mechanical change, showing the interior to which they had penetrated, and now everybody walked in and out of a safe, being evidently under the impression that the door thereof was a mere ordinary parlor door. In the next act a virtuous youth was accused of the burglary, and has to escape in and out of windows, through and over roofs, and up and down and roundabout the stage generally. The comic policeman having been discovered drunk in a dust-hole, the scene shifted to an upper chamber over an arch through which dashed a raging mill stream. In this chamber the two villains colluded and wrangled concerning "papers" which contained 'the history of a crime.' Presently one villain touched a spring and over went the other villain's chair, villain and all, into the depths below, what time the ingenue appeared at the door, with blanched visage, evidently anxious to know what the sheol they were up to. Subsequent acts in

introduce the abduction of the leading lady in a real cart drawn by a real horse, and the endeavors of the arch-villain and his confederates to do to death the said lady and the leading juvenile by poison, asphyxiation and arson.

All these attempts fail and George Conquest, who plays a muddle-headed old man with a tendency to proverbial philosophy, being always about when he is not wanted, finally puts everything straight and in the fulness of time causes the curtain to fall, much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Charles Wyndham's long-promised adaptation of the *Voyage en Caucase* goes on at the Criterion on Saturday night under the title of *The Circassian*. At least, this is the arrangement at the time of writing. It may be, however, that, as on many previous occasions, the piece will at the last moment be "called in" yet once again in order to be adapted.

GAWAIN

Notes from Paris.

PARIS, Nov. 11, 1887.

The dramatization of Halevy's "Abbe Constantin" by Messrs. Hector Cremieux and Pierre Decourcelle has met with an enthusiastic welcome at the Gymnase. It is the first real success of the season. The play is bright and clear and will certainly cross the Atlantic. I imagine that the flattering reception given to the piece is due to the fact that it is an interesting play and not because it belongs to what the naturalists call the *berguina*. Berquin was an author of the last century who wrote moral tales for young folks, and whenever a romantic piece with a marriage for a denouement is brought out here the Zolatines speak of it as a *berguina*. Undoubtedly the uniform goodness of all the characters in the *Abbe Constantin* makes us suspect the truthfulness of the comedy to nature; but then there are so many persons who go to the theatre to be amused and who do not stop to analyze a piece that interests them.

The novel has no dramatic action, so the adapters have been obliged to furnish some and to take a few other liberties with the book. In the first act the chateau where the *Abbe* was a constant guest has been sold to Mrs. Scott, an unknown American, and the priest fears that she is a heretic, like most of her fair countrywomen; consequently she will not trouble herself about the poor and will neglect to invite the *Abbe* to dinner—for he is a bit of a gourmand. The priest recounts his sorrows to his old servant, Pauline, and to his godson, Jean Reynaud, a young artillery officer, who is on a visit to the presbytery. While they are consoling the *Abbe*, in pops Mrs. Scott and her sister, Bettina Percival. They have come to call on their priest, for they are Catholics. So the good *Abbe* is assured, while Jean admires Bettina on the sly. The two Americans give the priest some money for his poor and finish by inviting themselves to dinner.

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Some weeks have passed when the second act begins. Mrs. Scott has given a grand party, where Jean and Bettina meet and fall desperately in love. At this ball we see for the first time Mme de Lavardens, a neighbor who has made Mrs. Scott's acquaintance as soon as she learned that Bettina was an heiress. Mme. de Lavardens has a dude of a son, Paul, who, in true French fashion, has his eye on Bettina's twenty-million dowry. Paul is a friend of Jean, and when he tells him that he intends to propose to Bettina the officer is jealous. One word leads to another and a duel is the result. Jean's regiment is to change camp the next morning at five, but before leaving he will have time to settle his affair with Paul. The encounter takes place and Paul is disarmed. Bettina, anxious to know the result, throws a mantle over her ball dress, puts on a pair of wooden shoes, takes an umbrella—for it rains guns—and runs out to the end of the terrace to see the regiment pass. When she perceives Jean at the head of his battery she is reassured and returns to the house.

In the third act Jean has again come to the presbytery on leave, previous to his departure for Tunis, where he has asked to be sent in order to keep away from the girl whom he loves and cannot marry on account of his poverty. Paul brings about the denouement by telling Bettina that Jean loves her but is too proud to say so because he is poor. Bettina has no idea of allowing the young officer to exile himself to Tunis and forget her. She takes the bull by the horns and, acting as though it were leap year, proposes to Jean very prettily. She tells the *Abbe* that she wishes to confess to him, and, in presence of the Lieutenant, she avows her love and asks if she is loved in return. "Yes," replies Jean. "Well, I love you, and am proud to become the wife of a soldier. Will you have me?" It is needless to add that the young officer does not refuse and that their betrothal is then and there blessed by the *Abbe* Constantin.

In this rapid analysis I have not said anything about the charging details and bright observations that abound. Be sure that Halevy had a hand in making the piece, for his *patte* is visible in more than one spot. The comedy is elegantly mounted and well played by Lafontaine (the *Abbe*), Marais (Jean), Noblet (Paul), Mme. Marie Magnier (Mrs. Scott), Mme. Darland (Bettina), Mme. Desclausas (Mme. de Lavardens), Mme. Grivot (Pauline).

M. Jules de Gouvet pere has been listened to with respect at the Vaudeville, as the first dramatic work of a man who has gained an honorable rank in fiction. The piece, however, will not hold the stage long, and already the manager has begun the preparation of M. d'Artois' adaptation of the younger Dumas' novel, "L'affaire Clemenceau." It is pretty safe to say that Dumas has had a hand in this adaptation, and if so, we may be sure that the piece will be a success. But it will not be a *berguina* like the *Abbe Constantin*. It will be a realistic drama, exposing a social thesis. The novel appeared twenty years ago, and made a great sensation, for at that time literary criticism was more timorous than it is now and the proposition argued by Dumas seemed singularly bold—the right of an injured husband to kill his wife.

Pierre Clemenceau, the wronged husband, had worked his way up from poverty and became a celebrated sculptor. One day, at a ball, he met a Russian countess and her daughter, Iza. The Countess tells him that she has been robbed of her fortune, but hopes, by a rich marriage of her daughter, to recover her position. Although Pierre loves Iza, he loans her mother the money to return to Russia. Iza tells him that if she does not find the king or prince that her mother hopes to secure for her hand, she will return and marry him. With this promise Pierre sets to work in hope. At the end of three years Iza returns and marries the artist. Pierre is soon disappointed in finding that his beautiful wife has certain eccentricities of taste and conduct and that, become a mother, she cares more about preserving her beauty than attending to her child. He suddenly discovers, what everybody knew before, that his wife is unfaithful. After wounding one of his wife's lovers in a duel, he starts off on a long voyage, hoping to forget her. But he has so taken possession of his soul that he cannot keep her out of mind. Finally, worn out in the struggle, he determines to return and upbraid her. Iza receives him smilingly; she knows the power she exercises over him, and she still knows that he loves her. Conquered by this infernal beauty, Pierre returns to live with her. One night, however, in an access of rage, he looks at Iza sleeping quietly by his side and says to himself that if she continues to live she will make of him one of the most contemptible of men. And he plunges a knife into her breast. The subject is a dramatic one and it will be interesting to see how M. d'Artois will handle it upon the stage.

Sarah Bernhardt's piece, *Ceci Tuera Cela*, which she says she wrote in Chicago one night when she could not sleep, will be put in rehearsal at the Odeon as soon as *La Tosca* is produced at the Porte Saint Martin. The actress will superintend the rehearsal. There are three characters and a general, his wife and a nephew; and three mute personages, an infant, a sister of charity and a domestic. The nephew, a young physician, has loved his aunt wisely but too well, and the General thinks that the child is his own. How vain old men are sometimes! The lady who forgot herself once, hates her nephew, loves her husband and idolizes her child. The infant is taken seriously ill, and to save him the mother is obliged to call her nephew, who demands that his aunt shall renew her relations with him. The subject of the piece is, therefore, the struggle between maternal love and a wife's duty. The most serious problems and painful situations that this trio can furnish are cleverly presented by Sarah. At the end the child dies, and this sad expiation is followed by the wife's rehabilitation.

The Fiancée des Verts-Poteaux is the title of a new operetta that has been successfully produced at the Menus-Plaisirs. M. Maurice Ordonneau is the author of the libretto and M. Edmond Audran has written the music. The piece itself is obscure, but M. Audran's score is charming.

M. Zola having consented to make certain slight changes in *Germinil*, so as not to frighten the bourgeois, the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Spuller, has removed the prohibition placed by the censorship two years ago. So in a month or two we shall see Zola and his inseparable Bussnach at the Chatelet. *Par contre, dame Anastasie* has refused the author of a review now in rehearsal at the Cluny to use the title *Comme la lune!* This was the expression used by Colonel Coustan, of the Fire Brigade, when he testified before the City Council about the causes of the *Opera Comique* fire. In the course of his remarks he said that while he was called to command the firemen he was "*Pompier comme la lune!*" meaning thereby that he, a soldier, knew as much about fire matters as the moon.

The death of Jenny Lind reminds me that she would never consent to sing at Paris. She was partly educated here at the Conservatoire and under Manuel Garcia, but her debut at the opera was not as much of a success as she had hoped for. Was it the remembrance of this failure that made her always decline to return here, or was it because, as Heine pretended in one of his witty articles, "She was afraid to expose her singing virginity on the perverse boards of the Rue Le Peletier?" I do not know whether any one has repeated the *mot* of some Boston wag at the time of the Swedish nightingale's marriage in the Modern Athens, but I will risk it. Goldsmith her husband, was younger than she and poor, while "our Jenny" was well-to-do. This fact led the Boston wit to say that "the young pianist was *gold smit*."

STRAPONTIN.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, Nov. 5, 1887.

All the theatres are once again open and have all sorts of guards in case of fire; in fact some day we may hear of an audience being drowned if things keep on. The other night, during a performance of *La Mascotte* at one of the theatres, the people in the orchestra stalls were suddenly drenched by a volume of water coming from the roof. Half of the audience went out, but returned on discovering

that it was simply the overflow of a large tank on the roof. The gallery certainly had the best of it in this instance.

The *Bouffes Parisiens* was opened a fortnight ago with a new operetta called *Sosie*, which depends a good deal more on funny situations than any elaborate plot. The cast is very fair and the chorus made up of some very bewitchingly pretty girls. This display of good looks is all the more of a treat as it is not the rule here in Paris. Like all the rest of the theatres, many comfortable improvements have been made at the *Bouffes* during the Summer.

Degommé at the Gymnase is to be followed by L'Abbé Constantine. By the way, some of the ladies wear stunning costumes in the first named piece. In the first act Mlle. Darland wears a *princesse robe* of pale, pink satin, with running stripes of flowers. The corsage opens over a front of the most exquisite lace, which extends down the whole length of the dress, and the sleeves are a ravishing combination of the satin and lace. In the second act, the same actress figures in a lovely carriage dress; the skirt of green, watered velvet, the front being draped with tulle, which is embroidered with flowers of most artistic hues, and the corsage and back drapery are of moiré in a new shade of heliotrope. One of the prettiest costumes is worn by Mlle. Desclausas—a skirt of sky blue, around the bottom of which extends a broad band of gold embroidery and colored stones. The rest of the dress consists of Sicilian colored silk, with a vest, collar and cuffs of the embroidery.

The cast of *Dix Jours aux Pyrenees* at the Galilé is made up and the piece has been in rehearsal for some time. M. Bournier's new play, *Mahomet*, was read recently to the committee of the *Theatre Francais* by M. Mounet Sully. Several of the members who had deserted the *Francais* have expressed a desire to return, but they were informed that the management were much more likely to cut down the number of the company than add to it.

Barbe Bleu is likely to be revived at the <

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H. S. TAYLOR, 23 E. 14th Street, New York.

Or, JAMES M. HARDIE, en route.

HILL & ROBINSON'S

LIGHTS O' LONDON

Having purchased Mr. T. H. French's interest in the above attraction, and the sole rights for 1887, 1888 and 1889, with the entirely new scenery built by Mr. Henshaw and painted by Mr. Richard Mardon, we have engaged the following ladies and gentlemen for the principal characters:

MR. HORACE VINTON, Miss FDNA CAREY,
MR. L. J. LORING, MRS. FANNY D. ROUSE,
MR. MASON MITCHELL, MISS VIRGINIA THORNE,
MR. SAMUEL HEMPLE, MISS WINNER,
MR. H. W. MONTGOMERY, LITTLE LOTTIE DOORMAN,
MR. CHARLES PATTERSON, MRS. WILLIAM H. LEWIS.

R. J. MOYE, Stage Manager.

We publish the principal of the cast to show managers and the public that the leading characters of the drama are in competent hands. Anyone producing THE LIGHTS O' LONDON without our permission will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Managers having good open dates please address

CHAS. R. BACON, Manager, as per Route.

Bradford, Pa., 24th; Newcastle, 25th; Erie, 26th; Cleveland, 27th, week.

A MONIED SUCCESS!
THE DALYS In their New Comedy, UPSIDE DOWN

(By THOMAS A. DALY and JOHN J. MCNALLY.)

Under the Management of RICH and HARRIS.

PLAYED AT THE

Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, Mass., WEEK OF NOV. 14, TO THE FOLLOWING RECEIPTS:

| | | | |
|------------------------------|------------|-----------------------------|------------|
| Monday, Nov. 14 | \$1,108 25 | Friday, Nov. 18 | \$1,275 75 |
| Tuesday, Nov. 15 | 1,213 50 | Saturday, Nov. 19 (matinee) | 884 25 |
| Wednesday, Nov. 16 (matinee) | 637 25 | " (evening), raining hard | 1,375 50 |
| " (evening) | 1,210 50 | | |
| Thursday, Nov. 17 | 1,360 00 | Total | \$9,062 00 |

The above figures are sufficient evidence that the attraction is as good in week stands as in one-night towns, which is also a proven the strongest attraction of the season in every house that we have played in.

Managers of FIRST-CLASS THEATRES only having time in February and March, 1888, will please communicate with WILLIAM HARRIS, Howard Athenaeum, Boston, Mass.

There was a great throng at the Academy, where Phillips' imitation of Henry Irving, a Hamlet, has made such a great hit.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, August 8, 1887.Mr. Phillips' imitation of Henry Irving, Joseph Jefferson, G. S. Knight, Stuart Robson and others, particularly good. His musical selection were also well rendered, and deserved the applause they received.—*Boston Morning Post*.At the Academy of Music last night A. S. Phillips, the young English comedian, appeared in his wonderful imitation of Henry Irving before over 3,000 people. It was not a burlesque, but a faithful representation of the great English tragedian's voice, form and manner. He received over a dozen encores, and was compelled to respond to two calls before the curtain.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.In many respects Mr. Phillips is superior to Dixey.—*Boston Globe*.He is better in some respects than Dixey.—*Philadelphia News*, July 20, 1887.

Boston Globe

Boston Globe